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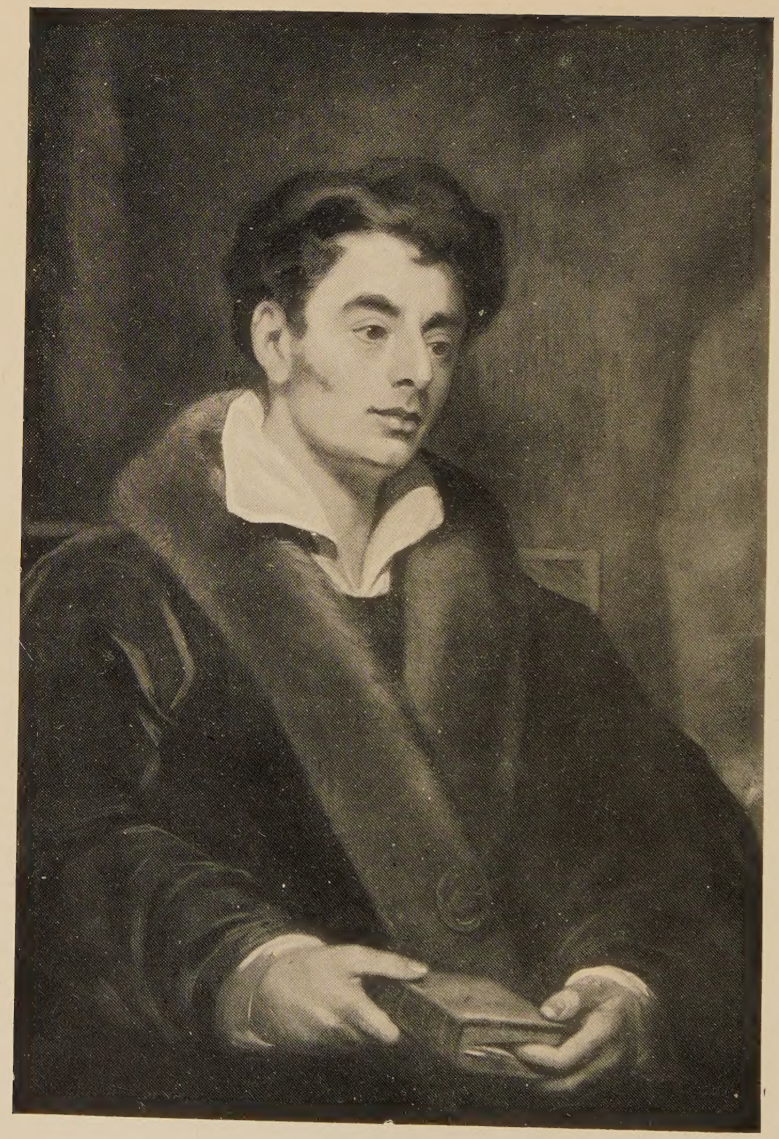
JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND IN 1819



ROBERT SOUTHEY

From the portrait by T. Phillips, R.A.

[*Frontispiece*

JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND IN 1819

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY C. H. HERFORD, M.A., LITT.D., F.B.A.

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IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER

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PREFACE

THE manuscript of this *Journal*, which is in the library of the Institution of Civil Engineers, was presented to that library in 1885 by the late Sir Robert Rawlinson, K.C.B., who was President of the Institution in 1894-5. It bears a note by him to the effect that he purchased it in Keswick from the Rev. Mr Southey in August 1864.

The exhibition of the manuscript on the occasion of the celebration, in June 1928, of the Centenary of the grant of a Royal Charter to the Institution—obtained largely through the instrumentality of Thomas Telford, its first President—drew attention to the interest of the *Journal*, not only as a contemporary account of the great works which Telford was then carrying out in Scotland, but also as the diary of a shrewd and travelled observer, depicting social and industrial conditions in Scotland in the early years of the nineteenth century.

The Council of the Institution therefore

caused the *Journal* to be submitted to Mr John Murray, and, finding that he concurred as to the desirability of making the *Journal* available to the general reader, they gladly accepted a proposal made by him to undertake its publication.

The Council have been fortunate in securing also the co-operation of Professor C. H. Herford, F.B.A., who very kindly consented to write an Introduction and add a few explanatory notes; and they desire to record their indebtedness to him for this valued assistance.

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INTRODUCTION

I

THE Scottish Tour of 1819 was a pleasant incident in two busy lives. Robert Southey (*b.* 1774) and Thomas Telford (*b.* 1757) were both at the height of their careers. Each could claim to stand at the head of his profession. Southey was poet laureate; and if few of his contemporaries would have admitted his equality with Byron or with Scott, and some would have altogether refused to compare him with Wordsworth, he had written some verse, especially some admirable ballads, which justifies that comparison, and he looked forward with complacent security to the renown awaiting him in the next and later generations. Shelley and Keats, whose glory so signally eclipses his to-day, were unknown or unheeded, though both were busy, this very year, with those masterpieces, *Prometheus Unbound*, *The Cenci*, and *Hyperion*, which make 1819 probably the

most illustrious year in the literary history of the century. William Blake, whose fame rivals even theirs to-day, was then an uncomprehended genius, growing old, and working, almost friendless, in an obscure alley off the Strand. But Southey, though a man of sterling good sense, was not unaware of his status as court poet; he had celebrated in that capacity the marriage of the Princess Charlotte, and was, in a few months, to voice the official and national mourning for the death of the King in an elaborate threnody. He could not foresee, it is true, during these pleasant weeks of autumn travel with an agreeable man of genius, either that event or that his Funeral Ode would immediately be obliterated by the brilliant ridicule of Byron's retort; still less, that he himself would in that second, retaliatory, "Vision of Judgment," be made to cut a laughable figure—caught up from his domestic tea-table at Keswick, to be arraigned as the author of

> "much blank verse and blanker prose,
> And more of both than anybody knows."

To Southey's prose at least, however, this was unjust. He was already the author of a number of biographies, some of them,

like his Lives of Wesley and of Nelson, among the best in the language; and his prose style is everywhere the simple, idiomatic, transparent way of writing which we may relish even in the day-to-day entries of the present *Journal*; "style" being for Southey, by this time, as for most practised literary craftsmen, not a choice, but a habit.

Thomas Telford, seventeen years Southey's senior, enjoyed a more unequivocal renown, and though now over sixty, some of his most brilliant and valuable achievements were still to come. He had made his way from humbler beginnings. Born in a shepherd's hut in Eskdale, Dumfriesshire, he picked up education by sheer aptness and industry, learnt some French, German, and Latin while a working stone-mason, and even, caught by the contagion of Burns's example, wrote a verse epistle to the poet under the name of "Eskdale Tam." Like Burns, too, and like Southey later, he was inflamed for a time by the zest of democratic ideas. Discerning persons presently discovered in the working-mason the master-builder and engineer; and in the years when Southey was a boy at Westminster, planning a series of epics on the world's mythologies, Telford was building

canals and enlarging houses as surveyor and engineer for the county of Salop. In 1806, he had been called in by the King of Sweden to build the imposing series of locks which convey navigation as by a staircase from the upper waters of the river Göta to the sea near Gothenburg. The fame of this work spread; he was repeatedly consulted by the Russian Government, and received in 1808 a diamond ring from Alexander I. At home, too, an even vaster scheme had now been put in his hands. Communication in Scotland, especially in the Highlands, both by land and water, was still gravely defective. Telford, requested to report and recommend, drew up an elaborate scheme; whereupon, in 1803, two Commissions were appointed, the one to deal with the canals, the other with roads, bridges, and harbours. Telford, nominally their official agent, and always, as he says in his Memoirs, on friendly terms with both Commissions, was in reality the moving and guiding brain of the whole complex of operations.

Among the most conspicuous of these works was the Caledonian Canal; one of the most useful was the great road from Carlisle to Glasgow, which the traveller by rail to-day

watches climbing and descending with him through a great part of his course. These canal and road works, and numerous bridges and harbour works, were being carried out in the North of Scotland when Telford, in the summer of 1819, took what was in fact primarily a tour of inspection. The Caledonian Canal was opened three years later. For its creator, as for Southey, the year after their return had important things in store. But while to the poet laureate it brought the chief and most enduring literary disaster of his life, to Telford it brought his most brilliant and universally known engineering feat. In 1820 the Menai Suspension Bridge was begun, and the most difficult link in the great mail road from London to Holyhead, of a then unexampled span, was thus successfully forged. Works of engineering are subject in general to a greater danger of depreciation by the progress of scientific invention than are works of literature by changes of literary fashion. But in spite of the huge handicap of the introduction, almost on the morrow of this journey, of steam locomotion, the bridges and roads of Telford are far less touched with the blight of obsolescence than the essays and epics of

Southey. Motor traction has even restored their vitality; and to-day it is the railway companies which have reason to look with concern at the motor-car racing along Telford's road to Glasgow, and the builders of the tubular bridges who have occasion to fear the competition of his beautiful flying arch.

II

The two men who thus became fellow-travellers ran little risk, then, of those professional jealousies which sometimes mar the intercourse of colleagues in the same walk of life. On the contrary, they were rather well provided with the opportunity of testing the truth of the maxim that unlike experience is the surest foundation of friendship. For the divergences ran deeper than mere difference of avocation. Southey, educated at Westminster and Balliol, had been fired by the Revolution, had dreamed of a colony on the Susquehanna where all men should be equal, and written a tragedy on Robespierre; but presently, postponing revolutionary schemes *sine die*, had settled comfortably at Greta Hall, near Keswick, where he looked out across his lawn at the glorious scenery of Derwentwater; spending his days among his books, reading and

writing, and amassing a vast and curious library; scholar and man of letters, but also a generous and hospitable friend, whose large household sheltered not only his own growing family but the wife and children of a great brother-poet, Coleridge. Telford, as we have seen, had risen to eminence from homely beginnings by hard labour and a resourceful brain, and, careless of outward luxury or domestic ease, lived alone over a London café in the Strand. For all that, it is not hard to understand that the two men, though known to each other as yet only by repute, were upon cordial terms in a few minutes[1]; or that they passed successfully through the ordeal of six weeks side by side, with scarcely a break, in a carriage by day, and sharing the same bedroom at night; or that they parted at the end on terms of the heartiest friendship, and on Southey's side at least, with keen regret. After seeing Telford off in the coach for Edinburgh, he wrote on the last page of the *Journal:* "This parting company, after the thorough intimacy which a long journey produces between fellow-travellers who like each other, is a melancholy thing. A man more

[1] P. 7. Southey portrays graphically Telford's engaging presence.

heartily to be liked, more worthy to be esteemed and admired, I have never fallen in with; and therefore it is painful to think how little likely it is that I shall ever see much of him again."

Probably we need seek no subtler clue to this close and hearty relation than in the fact that both fellow-travellers, the Englishman and the Scot, were rich in the sterling qualities of brain, heart, and character, which the English and the Scottish types, at their best, have in common; together with some uncommon in either. Both were shrewd and sagacious in matters outside their profession.[1] But neither country has had many examples of the "magnanimity that he alone thought worthy of England," with which this great Scot freely imparted engineering methods to foreign engineers, or gave gratuitous professional help (as to the British Fisheries Board) himself.

And both the laureate and the great engineer could honour in the other, beneath their more showy attributes, the thoroughness of the good craftsman — the worker, whether in English prose or in steel and

[1] Southey relates how Telford often advised the Lairds in the management of their estates. A good instance is given.

stone, unsurpassed in his kind in his day. "Telford's is a happy life," says his companion, elsewhere in the *Journal*, "everywhere making roads, building bridges and erecting harbours — works of sure, solid, permanent utility; everywhere employing a great number of persons, selecting the most meritorious, and putting them forward in the world in his own way."

III.

The Tour, then, undertaken probably on the invitation of their common friend, John Rickman,[1] occupied the later summer and early autumn weeks, from 17th August to 1st October. Besides Southey, Telford, and Rickman, the party included Mrs Rickman and two children, with one or two other persons to whom the Journalist makes occasional allusion. The route, mainly determined naturally by Telford's works in progress, led from Edinburgh, where Southey, after travelling by chaise and coach from Keswick, was joined by his friend, through Stirling, Perthshire, Dundee, Aberdeen, Nairn, Inverness; and then, after sending the ladies and children

[1] See Note to p. 3.

to await them at Inverness, far up into Sutherland and Caithness. From Inverness the whole party returned together by way of the great new waterway, with its sensational series of locks (called by the workmen, we are told, "Neptune's Staircase"), to Fort William, Ballachulish, Inveraray, and Glasgow, to Longtown, near the Border, where Telford took leave of his guests. It must often have recalled to Southey that of Johnson and Boswell, forty-six years before, which, however, he rarely mentions. There, too, an English visitor of literary renown had had a Scot for escort and guide, and left a notable record of his impressions. But Boswell, the loquacious and versatile showman of his country's glories to the "Great Cham" of literature from London, and transparently proud of the part, stands at the opposite pole of national character to the famous engineer, who, though always present, is scarcely ever seen, and is heard only in a brief occasional quoted remark or witticism; eloquent only in the handwriting he has left, like a taciturn giant, graven on the face of the country; the speech of channeled docks and levelled roads, messages to the world not menacing but benign.

Thanks to Southey, however, and to his careful and accurate *Journal*, Telford's taciturnity does little harm. For the English visitor has translated not a little of that mute handwriting into his own graphic and vigorous prose. It is obvious that the man of letters was a little obsessed by the genius of the great engineer at his side, and rich as the *Journal* is in other kinds of observation, no ordinary tourist in quest (as it was then the fashion to be) of "the picturesque" would have described so indefatigably as he, the canals, roads, bridges, docks and harbours they pass. Even the poet's interest in the scenes of his own poetry is submerged in this new enthusiasm: he notices the Bell-Rock Lighthouse, off Dundee, with a bare allusion to the Abbot of his own famous ballad, to give us details of the "new revolving lights" and the 3 minutes they took to revolve.[1] Even the engineering reader will appreciate his numerical statistics (obviously derived from Telford) of the dimensions, span, depth and so forth of the works he passes; not least the little departures from symmetry or equality, such as the eye alone could not detect, designedly introduced, like

[1] P. 59.

those which Ruskin extols in the Porches of San Marco at Venice; but naturally here on practical grounds, not as an æsthetic refinement. So with the roads, the docks, and the canals.[1] A fairly adequate report of Telford's bridge-building technique — the laying of foundations, materials, approaches, curvature of the roadway,[2] and the rest, may be gathered from Southey's simple and interesting narrative; and now and then, but without acrimony, he will note the inferiority of the bridges they pass built by other men, as those of Wade.[3] Of Telford's roads—perhaps a still greater advance on his predecessor's work—he is yet more enthusiastic, and he describes the elaborate processes which conduced to their perfection with lively and interested concern. We often have occasion to realise how far Telford's technique was in advance of that then prevalent in any of the practical arts and crafts in Scotland, or perhaps elsewhere. His roads were, in effect, little threads of a higher civilisation interwoven by his dexterous hand into the somewhat coarse and unkempt woof of the culture of

[1] *E.g.*, in describing the bridge over the Black Water. P. 147.

[2] Pp. 54, 116. [3] P. 98.

the Scottish countryside. This is amusingly illustrated when Southey complains of a very rough and jolting post-chaise, which had left "my poor pantaloons" worse for wear, and his bones sore, though the road was "as smooth as a billiard-table."

And there are interesting indications that, however stubbornly primitive methods may have held their own with the coach-builders, the county authorities and others in Scotland were by this date awakening to the value of Telford's roads. At Dundee he had even to escape a public dinner pressed upon him by the Provost.[1] At Bonar Bridge, in Sutherland, a grateful laird had put up an inscription engraved in marble, but full, Southey unkindly says, of erroneous names and figures.[2] All the Highland counties, with one exception, had by this date accepted the aid of the Commissioner in improving their road-systems. This exception was Perthshire, where the authorities, we are told, obstinately refused to allow them to interfere. And, in fact, a serious accident befell the coach and four almost as soon as they had crossed the county border; when a horse stumbled upon a loose stone, fell with the postilion, and was dragged

[1] P. 57. [2] P. 131.

with him some yards down the slope. Half an hour's delay was all the harm done; but drivers had already a standing explanation and excuse for such mishaps: "Perthshire—we're in Perthshire, sir." Whatever their recalcitrance to Telford's plans, the Perthshire authorities would doubtless have preferred not to have it illustrated by an accident to the great engineer himself, particularly when he was bringing a literary "chiel' amang them takin' notes," even though it was reserved for Telford's professional colleagues, a century later, to "prent them."[1]

However, the converted counties had not always ceased to sin; the roads of the West and North, where Telford had been most active, were better in general than those of the East; and far worse things are reported of the roads near Banff, where heaps of stones were left in the roadway; and even of Dumbarton, where the Commissioners had

[1] There were, however, sceptics in Perthshire about the new roads. A famous fiddler of those parts retorted, when some one was praising them: "They may praise your braid roads that gains by 'em; for my part, when I'se gat a wee drappy at Perth, I'se just as lang again in getting hame by the new road as by the auld one." His *zigzags* were so much longer on the broad road! Pp. 26, 49, 235.

no power, than even in peccant Perth.[1] In the meantime, there are hints of the great revolution in motive power which was to make these amenities a matter of minor or local importance. For they saw steam-driven boats already on the Clyde,[2]—the "foot-print on the sands," if you will. But whether he then foresaw railways or not, Telford was too great a man to think first, like Robinson, of his threatened hegemony (which for poor Robinson, to be sure, meant, or might mean, his life); and, as we know, he was eventually to go far to recover it.

IV

And hegemony—the hegemony of a great civilising potentate—is the only word for the authoritative rule which Telford had now for some sixteen years exercised over communications in Northern Scotland. He was feared as well as honoured; if Dundee wanted to banquet him, there were landlords who tried to bribe his agents to divert a new road from their estates, or make it cross them to their private advantage. In such matters, as well as in the general, very effectual, supervision of a vast ramifying plan, Telford was much indebted to two lieutenants, whose names

[1] Pp. 81, 247. [2] P. 253.

figure frequently in these pages, although, like himself, they are seldom seen, and whose very real merits their chief would have been the last to wish to have obscured by his own. Indeed, it is obviously his own eulogies, however incidentally confirmed by Southey's observations, that have flowed over into the Journalist's faithful pages. Thus, "at Cullen," he records, "we took leave of that obliging, good-natured, useful and skilful man, Mr Gibb." Much more is heard and said of the chief aide-de-camp, John Mitchell. Telford called him his "Tartar," from "his cast of countenance" and "his tartar-like mode of life," for "in his office of overseer of the roads under the management of the Commissioners, he travels on horseback not less than 6000 (we are later told 8800) miles a year." Telford had found him, near Inverness, as he himself had once been found, as a working mason, who could scarcely write or read, but noticing his practical gifts and force of character had brought him forward till he was now Inspector of all the Highland roads.[1] This was written soon after Southey's first acquaintance with him at Bervie, where the two "aides-de-camp" had come to meet their

[1] P. 62.

chief. By the time they got round to Dumbarton, where Mitchell took his leave, Southey has had occasion to know his value better, and writes the warm tribute to him which will be found in one of his last pages: "Perhaps no man ever possessed the inflexible integrity, fearless temper and indefatigable frame requisite to his office in greater perfection than John Mitchell." He compares him to Talus, the terrible, inflexible, silent wielder of a club, who attends Spenser's Knight of Justice. "No fear or favour in the course of fifteen years have ever made him swerve from the fair performance of his duty, tho' the lairds with whom he has had to deal have omitted no means to make him enter into their views, and do things, or leave them undone, as might suit their humour or interest. They have attempted to cajole and to intimidate him, equally in vain. They have repeatedly preferred complaints against him in the hope of getting him removed from his office, and a more flexible person appointed in his stead; and they have not infrequently threatened him with personal violence. Even his life has been menaced. But Mitchell holds right on. In the midst of a most laborious life he has

. . . become a good accomptant . . . and carries on his official correspondence in an able manner. . . . Nor has this life, and the exposure to all winds and weathers, and the temptations, either of company or of solitude at the houses in which he puts up, led him into any irregularities. . . . Neither has his elevation in the slightest degree inflated him. He is still the same temperate, industrious, modest, unassuming man, as when he . . . first attracted Mr Telford's notice."[1]

V

Though the course of the Tour was determined by Telford's operations, and the inspection of them was naturally a leading preoccupation of both men, the *Journal* is very far from being merely an account of roads, bridges, and canals. Southey was a cultivated, refined, and very intelligent observer, travelled, well-bred, with decided convictions, political and religious, and a fair stock of deep-seated, but, on the whole, harmless prejudices. He had the tastes of an English country

[1] P. 252. A tragical accident to a ferry-boat, which Mitchell escaped only by arriving just too late to embark, illustrates the other perils of his official life. It is related on p. 129.

gentleman, and while ready to put up with poor accommodation and poor fare, when there was no choice, had a nice discrimination in inns and in viands. It was only dirt and squalor that provoked his undisguised disgust.[1] But deeper than these traits lay his genuine interest in the social and economic conditions which the Tour enabled him to observe, and the enduring value and interest of the *Journal* —since the professional reader will study Telford's technique elsewhere — lies in the picture it gives, in the scores of anecdotes and acute observations, of the reaction of this network of good waterways and landways upon the economic and social progress of the country. Southey watches the gradual percolation, through these channels, of civilised amenities with unqualified approval. Twenty years before, he had passed for a "Romantic," and been classed, with Wordsworth and Coleridge, as one of the "Lake School" who gloried in Nature undesecrated by the finger of Man. There was indeed by this time a sham Romanticism, nowhere more rampant than in the Highlands, and Southey pillories with intelligible sarcasm one of the absurd "puffs" of "Wonderful and Interesting Scenery"

[1] *Cf.* his anathemas upon begging (p. 41), "philabegs."

which he encountered by Loch Earn.[1] But the *Journal* contains scarcely a vestige of this sentiment. He is cheered by the sight of cultivated land; the "Wild" so far as he is concerned, only "calls," like the "bad road," for the attentions of the agriculturist and the engineer. Sometimes the new facilities of travel and traffic dove-tail in amusingly with unexpected elegances at some remote Highland inn. Thus at Clashmore, in the wilds of Caithness, he was agreeably surprised, at breakfast, when the meal was served in "a tasteful and handsome set of Worcester china." Telford explained that "before these roads were made," he had met some Worcester people "with a cartload of crockery, which they got over the mountains how they could; when they had sold all their ware, they laid out the purchase-money on black cattle, which they drove to the South."[2] What had been before a daring and unusual adventure, the new roads made, or were in the course of making, an affair of everyday.

So with wool, and other inland and upland products, now by the new roads easily brought down to the coast. At Bonar Bridge, on the Dornoch Firth, in Sutherland, they saw

[1] P. 37. [2] P. 141.

"considerable quantities of wool, in packs, . . . lying . . . ready for shipping. These roads have given life to the country."[1] Not always by filling purses. The farmers saved, but the blacksmiths lost.[2]

They also smoothed the path of the smuggler, whose calling was further assisted, as we learn elsewhere, by indiscreet attempts to promote the regular trade. The bewilderment, soon turned into joy, which the Telfordian bridges occasionally produced in the simpler inhabitants of the West Highland countryside, is vividly illustrated by the story of the Sutherland man whose father, having been drowned in the ferry-boat accident of 1809, while crossing the Meikle Ferry, he refused ever to use the ferry again; being thus cut off by the long Dornoch Firth from the south, until Telford flung his costly and difficult iron arch across. He described his first sight of it. "As I went along the road by the side of the water, I could see no bridge; at last I came in sight of something like a spider's web in the air—if this be it, thought I, it will never do! But presently I came upon it, and oh, it is the finest thing that ever was made by God or man!"[3]

[1] P. 142. [2] P. 237. [3] P. 129.

Apart from engineering works, Southey had a keen eye for buildings of every kind. The poor bothies and "black houses" of the West Highlands offend him both as homes for men and as features of scenery. On the other hand, he is impressed by Scotland's stone-built towns, especially by the fine granite architecture of Aberdeen; and finds that the possession of such materials has stimulated taste and ambition in building. "The Scotch regard architectural beauty in their private houses as well as in their public edifices much more than we do." But Southey betrays his ignorance of much noble architecture in the Baltic Hanse towns and elsewhere, when he adds that to make fine buildings of brick is like "making a silk purse out of a sow's ear."[1] On the other hand, he notes with disgust that a town of the size and pretensions of Dundee was not paved.[2]

Of the kirks, new and old, he has little good to say; but frankly admires, as "a great ornament to the City," a "new Episcopal Church, with a rich Gothic front," at Aberdeen. The praise is, in our ears, equivocal, for these were anterior to the days even of "Brother Pugin," the redoubtable

[1] P. 77. [2] P. 59.

builder of pseudo-Gothic Churches.[1] He commends, too, the new Church in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, as a sign that "the people of Edinburgh are beginning to have a taste for ornamental Churches.[2]

Of Glasgow, he has little good to say, though he thinks Argyle Street one of the best streets in Great Britain; and he finds painful evidence in the kirks of two defects of the national character—uncleanness and bad taste.[3]

VI

But Southey's interest was also alive to all kinds of social fact with which his journey, with an extremely well-informed companion by his side, made him acquainted. He notices, for instance, a gradual but slow improvement in housing;[4] and he has everywhere an eye for agriculture. A whole chapter on the landlords, their property and their tenants, in the Scottish Highlands might be written by stringing together Southey's observations and anecdotes; and even an Adam Smith, had he written half a century later, might have gleaned details from the pages of this poet laureate. Now we have a glimpse of a feckless landlord, such as the Duke of Montrose, who

[1] P. 77. [2] P. 8. [3] P. 255. [4] P. 33.

sold the woods on Ben Venue for "the paltry sum of £200," the purchasers making £3000 by their bargain. "It seems incredible," he comments indignantly, "that for such a sum the Duke should have incurred . . . the disgrace of disfiguring so far as it was in his power to disfigure, the most beautiful spot in the whole island of Great Britain."[1] Both the castigation and the eulogy mean something, coming from one who was both a pillar of Toryism and an enthusiastic lover of his English Lakes. Another nobleman, the Duke of Gordon, is rebuked for the opposite failing,—of understanding the advantages of ownership rather too well; for after letting the salmon fishery at Fochabers for £7000 a year (a sum which Southey thought "almost incredible"), he stipulated that he was himself to be supplied at 6d. a pound, whereas "the people of the place can only obtain it as a favour, and at the price of a shilling." This, comments the Tory Journalist, "is a great

[1] P. 31. Elsewhere, these inroads on the beautiful Highland woods were directly due to legitimate but apparently unconnected needs, the growth of fishery causing the resort to birch-staves for the barrels, p. 146. A still more pitiful tale of timber-cutting and reckless waste is told of the laird of Loch Arkeg, near the canal, p. 207.

injustice and vexation ; growing out of a feudal right, in the origin of which no such wrong could possibly have been contemplated."[1] But the offending lairds were not all Dukes. The failure of "a Mr Dick" to keep open an inn on his property, the wild region of the north-west facing Skye, reduced the travellers to serious straits. Dick had quarrelled with his tenant, dismissed him, and then, in spite of his contract, closed the house. There was no other opportunity of changing or feeding the horses for 70 miles. To seek hospitality with Dick was out of the question, since he was one of the lairds who had made trouble with Mitchell.[2] How the travellers solved this dilemma the reader may be left to gather from the *Journal* itself. Not much less churlish was the action of the landowners of Strathpeffer, who profited by "poor Davy's" reclamation of their marsh.[3] Here and there, on the contrary, a stubborn commoner prevents a town benefiting by the generosity of a Duke, as with the blacksmith of Dunkeld and the Duke of Atholl—a British analogue to the famous Miller of Potsdam.[4]

But petty acts of local folly or greed do not withdraw Southey's attention from the large

[1] P. 90. [2] P. 155. [3] P. 145. [4] P. 46.

economic and human problems which the more northern Highlands then presented, and still present. The process of substituting large sheep-farms for small holdings was then going on upon the huge estates of the Marquis of Stafford, occupying two-fifths of the vast county of Sutherland, and was creating a lively ferment in the whole country. The small tillers clung stubbornly to their homes, which were destroyed by fire if they refused to be ejected. The economists in general approved this policy—on purely economic grounds. And Southey feels the force of their argument. The civilised gentleman in him revolts at the sight of these "homes,"—"black houses" as they were popularly called; and he grieves that these "man-sties" should be inhabited, not "as in Ireland" (here Southey's blind animus against the Irish finds free vent) "by a race of ignorant and ferocious barbarians, who can never be civilised if they are not regenerated," but by "a quiet, thoughtful, contented, religious people, susceptible of improvement, and willing to be improved." None the less, his just instinct and also his good sense are repelled by the use of force, however "legal," to compel these people suddenly to enter

occupations, as fishermen or whatnot, to which they had never been accustomed.[1]

And Southey's impressions of the Highland laird, were, on the whole, unflattering. "He partakes much more of the Irish character" (and for Southey this is damning) "than I had ever been taught to suppose. He has the same profusion, the same recklessness, the same rapacity; but he has more power, and he uses it worse; and his sin is the greater, because he has to deal with a sober, moral, well-disposed people, who, if they were treated with common kindness, or even common justice, would be ready to lay down their lives in his service."[2] But he is ready to recognise the generosity and large purpose which might underlie even an oppressive policy; perhaps the more ready when, as in this very case, it could be ascribed to the advantages arising from "English capital and English ingenuity." For the Marchioness of Stafford, English by marriage, receiving less than £6000 a year from her vast but largely barren Scottish possessions, devoted not only the whole of this sum, but an equal amount from the Marquis's English estates, to improving them.[3] A yet more generous, but doubtless quite

[1] P. 137. [2] P. 208. [3] P. 138.

exceptional use of landed power, is recorded of Baillie, M.P. for Bristol; the tenants were here the rural workers, who knew how to put it to the best use.[1]

VII

A far more radical and audacious intrusion of alien ideas and methods was encountered by Southey on the last day of his Tour. From the gloaming of this half-feudal Highland world, with its tangle of conflicting traditions and prejudices, the laird and the bothie, the "trouse" and the philabeg, clan-custom and British law, he passed suddenly into the crisp, clear, hard daylight of a benevolent but absolute autocracy, when he entered, at New Lanark, the Mills of Richard Owen. Owen's great experiment has often since been described, and by more technical pens than Southey's. But his description is still interesting. The poet laureate was received and entertained by Owen with the utmost courtesy, and expected to stay a week. The elaborate buildings, in their deep dell, reminded him of convents he had seen in Portugal. He noticed with approval the excellent ventilation of the workrooms, the provision for the sale of

[1] P. 169.

food, and, with a touch of sarcasm, the lecture-hall, for "the formation of character." The spectacle of hundreds of boys drilled to go through manœuvres with precision displeased him; he had "been in Utopia" himself, but never, he protests, so far as this, and he recalls a story he had heard of cows in Holland, compelled by a mechanical device to wag their tails in unison. And Owen, he insists, with all his beautiful and fatherly benevolence, "deceives himself."[1] Men are not "human machines," and cannot be governed, still less reformed, on that principle; and as for the "formation of character," Owen's methods would only destroy it. Yet he admires and likes the man; and his "Chinese" methods might well be applied to the Yahoos of our industrial towns. At any rate, his "variety in society" might as well be encouraged as Quakerism![2]

VIII

A new set of problems affecting the economics of the Highland population relates to the various forms of intervention by the Government. On the whole, Southey gives us a picture of a large-minded and generous

[1] P. 263. [2] P. 260 ff.

policy, highly beneficial in most cases, but marred sometimes by imperfect insight into local conditions, or incomplete realisation of the resources of native "ability." The vast enterprise which Telford was engaged in carrying out was itself, of course, a salient example of this policy. But it went much further. The Government was clearly making an honest attempt to reconcile the wild regions, whose revolts had twice been so savagely suppressed during the previous century, by improving their material well-being. In this spirit the estates of "rebels," confiscated after the revolt, had now been restored. A more judicious act of generosity was the offer to provide half the cost of roads, bridges and other works of public utility, provided that the locality or the land-owners raised the remainder. Of these and other aspects of this policy, we hear frequently in the *Journal*. The Commissioners spent money with the far-seeing liberality which is the best economy. Having to house the workmen on the Canal, for instance, they built houses which Southey's critical eye pronounced "very neat" and able to "serve as good models to the people of the country."[1]

[1] P. 207.

An interesting operation by which a hundred miles of good road were made, at half cost, in the wild country of Skye, is described at p. 158.

But the consequences of the Government's benevolent intentions were not always happy. Thus the allowance of salt duty-free for the fisheries had two results—it encouraged the illicit salt trade,[1] and it encouraged the fishers to overload their barrels with this cheap privileged product to the detriment both of the salt trade and the fish. The restoration of the forfeited estates, again, was, in Southey's view in part unjust, since only the forfeitures after the rebellion of 1745, not those which followed the "more excusable" rebellion of 1715, were affected; and also inexpedient in the public interest, since they were thus transferred from the far wiser and more generous administration of the Crown to the rule of these Highland lairds of whom Southey, and clearly Telford also, thought so ill.[2]

On the other hand, in the recent policy of the Government, he finds everywhere tokens of "farthing wisdom." A slight example is the equipment of Telford's fine Craigellachie Bridge.[3]

[1] P. 192. [2] P. 208. [3] P. 94.

IX

But there was one branch of Highland industry with which Southey, as a traveller, was brought into peculiarly close and intimate contact, and which was the object of some of his liveliest and most feeling remarks. The inns where they put up, between Edinburgh and Caithness, and back by the wilder West country to Glasgow, were naturally varied enough. And Southey was a travelled man, and fastidious in travel. He was hardy, was quite ready to rough it when need was, but had a nice taste in the different varieties of accommodation at bed and board. He went by the name of "The Wolf," as he pleasantly tells us, for his prowess at meals of every kind; and if not precisely an epicure, took undisguised pleasure—as greater poets have been known to do—in an excellent table. The Scottish breakfasts,—in particular, with their Findon haddock, and sweetmeats,—he notices with continual relish. But he severely reprehends the Scotch custom of cooking salmon in slices and (at Aberdeen) that of cutting off the crust of loaves. At times he tastes, often with satisfaction, dishes new to him, such as "sheep's head broth" and

"scones." The bed accommodation is more questionable. The double-bedded room which he regularly shares with Telford is sometimes of stately dimensions (25 feet by 20 feet), but the beds not seldom "filthy"; near Nairn he has one in which "all possible faults of bed-making were exemplified to a nicety." He groans at his "poor Scotch allowance of water," and is once kept awake by a clock outside his door which "chimed eight sweet bells every quarter," an "inconvenience" forgotten, however, in the capital breakfast which followed.[1]

Slight but graphic vignettes of the inn-keepers, male and female, are scattered throughout. Such are his host near Glengarry, whom he dubs "Field Marshal Boniface," and, *per contra*, the vulgar hostess from Portsmouth, at Grantown, who got all her supplies from Nairn, "for I never *depends* for anything upon this place"; and best of all the "rememberable" hostess of Tain (yet

[1] A detail not without hygienic interest is that the conveniences which he calls by "the clearly French name *commodité* (though the French have not much cleanliness to spare)," were now to be found in every Scotch inn at which they stayed except one. One even contained a *stove!* (p. 93).

farther north), "an elderly woman, somewhat Flemish in figure," who, "from real kindness of heart, and not from any design of enhancing her charges, loads her table with whatever her larder supplies. When Mrs Rickman, in her kind manner, addressed her 'my good lady,' she replied . . . 'Nay, I'se nae gude lady, na but a poor woman.'"[1]

X

Southey's *Journal* has, then, a double interest as a record (much fuller than could here be indicated) of Telford's engineering works, and as a sketch, summary enough but very varied and precise, of the social conditions of the Highland countryside in 1819. But the faithful and minute reporter was himself a considerable personage in the world of English letters and politics. How far is this side of him reflected in his Book of Travel? On the whole, as was hinted at the outset, remarkably little. Southey was Telford's companion, and his keen and alert mind, without being obsessed by the powerful intelligence beside him, followed most readily the directions which that preoccupation suggested; while his own special pursuits and

[1] P. 123.

distinctions, without being forgotten, slip into the background, receiving now and then a slight and perfunctory nod as the Journalist drives by, with his eyes on those exemplary roads and bridges!

Southey was, in the first place, we know, Poet Laureate. Laureates do not now commonly wear their wreaths, and he suffered during this tour from a tumour in the head (for which he sought the aid of various Scottish surgeons, competent and otherwise), which would have made it inconvenient to wear it, had he been so disposed. But it is clear that he had, not only in a literal sense, left it at Keswick. Once or twice a few people "ran after my Poetship" and the Literary Society of Banff made him an Honorary Member, and sent him a magnificent Diploma, together with a catalogue of their library of 1000 "very ordinary" books, with twelve pages of their Rules and Regulations.[1] His interest in poetry or poets is rarely betrayed. At Edinburgh he meets with Wilson (Christopher North), Lockhart, whose *Peter's Letters* had just come out, and Black, the biographer of Tasso.[2] He visits the tomb of Beattie (of

[1] P. 106. [2] P. 16.

The Minstrel) who had died sixteen years before, and foresees that the poets of the next generation will regard his memory as he regards Beattie's,—a prophecy doubtfully fulfilled.[1] By Loch Katrine he makes a perfunctory reference to "Scott's poem," the literary sensation of the whole country nine years before. But he has nowhere an allusion to the immeasurably greater poetry of Wordsworth's first Scottish Tour (1803), accessible to everyone in the volumes of 1807.[2] The "bookish" man crops up oftener. At Dundee he makes the acquaintance of a bookseller, and is shown in one of the Kirks cases of books 200 years old, in English, Latin, and Hebrew; but without explaining them further. At Aberdeen he finds his surgeon "reading Aristotle in Greek." At Inverness he lingers over the portrait of a sort of later Dr Johnson, who had superintended the Canal there, but was better known

[1] P. 72.

[2] He quotes one of the Lyrical Ballads (p. 221), and mentions with approval, but on moral not literary grounds, the sonnet addressed by Wordsworth after his second Scottish Tour (1814) to Gillespie of Edinburgh (*Works*, p. 539). His great Trossachs sonnet, "There's not a nook within this solemn pass," was not yet written when Southey was there.

as a cynical humorist, and called "The Walking Library."[1] Southey had travelled, when young, in Spain and Portugal, and written largely on both; allusions to these countries, their scenery and institutions, are common. A "square" is often a *plaza* (Spanish), resting-places *remansos* (Spanish), a country-house a *quinta* (Portuguese); an old dirk, *faca* (as in Brazil). At Edinburgh he buys some French books of South American Travel.[2] Southey, again, who as a schoolboy had planned a series of epics on the historic mythologies, and had largely carried them out, was a curious student of modern forms of religious belief, however unlike that to which he was, as a sound English Churchman, attached. He had written an excellent *Life of Wesley*. He talks with his Dundee bookseller, not about Claverhouse but about the "Glassites," a sect numerous in that town. At Montrose he buys a pamphlet about the religious visionary, Joanna Southcote, and Erskine's *Gospel Sonnets*.[3] He relished the humours of Celtic Bibliolatry; — the Chieftain of the House of Grant who supported the antiquity of his clan by quoting Gen. vi. 4: "Now there were Grants

[1] P. 111. [2] P. 12. [3] P. 61.

upon the earth in those days," having altered *i* to *r*. Still quainter, in a grimmer key, is the blend of clan savagery with learned piety in his story of the Glengarry monument to the Chieftain, with the seven heads of decapitated foes about him, and an inscription in English, French, Gaelic, and Latin, duly copied by Southey.[1] The humours of the "perfervid genius" of the Lowland Scot are pleasantly illustrated in the story of Dr Wilkie.[2] But he denounces fiercely the ruin wrought by the Covenanters in so many Scottish abbeys, and finds the later repairs often clumsy or perverse. His political animus is not aggressive. The news of the "massacre" in Peterloo, Manchester, reached him this very August, but his concern is lest needless violence had been used against the populace.[3] And a pillar of the Tory *Quarterly Review*, who was also a lover of "two-penny bottled beer," may be forgiven if he finds a stale bottle of this as vapid as an "old number of the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Quarterly's* Whig rival."

But Southey, man of books, *Quarterly* reviewer, and notable biographer as he was, was also, for the critics, in Byron's scoffing

[1] P. 197 ff. [2] P. 50. [3] P. 17.

phrase, a "Lake Poet," and we expect some signs of enthusiasm for "Nature" as he drives through the grandest and wildest scenery of the Highlands. There is little. He approves of a landscape or disapproves, but always in measured terms; there is no touch of explicit "poetry" in the *Journal* from end to end. His boldest phrase is the declaration, as he watches a sunset on Loch Linnhe, that it almost persuades him to believe in Ossian! But Ossian was "faked" and Nature was not audible to him when she spoke in those weird primeval tones. He shrank from the "savage" and "terrible" grandeur of Glencoe, preferred cultivated fields to barren heath, and when a waterfall or a precipice was in question, complained if the owner had not made a path to a safe point of view, or complimented him if he had. For the rest, although he puts Loch Katrine and Ben Venue above every other scene known to him in the world, he is quite decided in his preference of the Lake country, for mountain scenery, to Scotland, and he takes his friends by a detour, on their return to Keswick, in order that they may approach it with the magnificent background of Borrowdale in full view. But if we ask, in parting with Southey and his *Journal*, where his

charm and character as a writer may best be seen, it may well be in moments of meditation, like those in which, standing by one of those communal burial-grounds which exhibit, in its most moving light, the proverbial "clannishness" of the Scot, he regrets the rapid passing away of a state of society to which "these quiet mansions of the dead" belong.

C. H. HERFORD.

NOTES

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1. *Tarn Wadling . . . Sir Gawain.* An adventure of Sir Gawain at this Tarn is the subject of one of the medieval Arthurian romances.

3. *Barclay's Argenis;* a political allegory written in good Latin prose, which gained for its author the approval and favour of James I. It was translated by Ben Jonson.

3. *Rickman* ("R." in the sequel). John Rickman, Telford's biographer and one of his executors, was Clerk Assistant of the House of Commons. He was also Secretary to the Commissioners for the Caledonian Canal, and had probably undertaken this tour with Telford in an official capacity. Rickman was also a friend and correspondent of Southey's. A selection from their correspondence has lately been published. Rickman also contributed to Southey's *Essays, Moral and Political* (1834).

4 ff. *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.* This was perhaps the most brilliant of the literary mystifications for which *Blackwood's Magazine* (founded in 1817) was now famous, or notorious. It was anonymous, and was ascribed both to Wilson (Christopher North) and to Lockhart, probably its real author. It purported to be a collection of the letters of a

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"Dr Morris of Aberystwyth" (a real person) to his friends at home. The title parodied the "Letters of Paul to his Kinsfolk," Scott's name for his own letters written home after his visit to Waterloo in 1815. Lockhart's letters, containing caustic portraits of notable figures in Edinburgh society, included one of Scott himself, described by "Dr Morris" after a mythical visit to Abbotsford, a piece of delicate appreciation, not without gentle malice, which open the way to their later intimacy. *Blackwood's,* pronouncedly Tory in politics, was of course, in Southey's view, "of right principles in most things of importance," though its methods offended his sense of literary etiquette. On Gillies (or Gillespie), see *Introduction,* p. xlii note.

8. *my South American tribes.* Southey, then the principal English authority on South America, as well as on the mother countries Spain and Portugal themselves, had recently completed his gigantic *History of Brazil* (1810-19). Other indications of this interest of Southey's are frequent in the *Journal.*

12. Mr James Hope was Law Agent for the Commissioners in Edinburgh.

16. *Mr Gillies.* See note to p. 4.

48. *of locomotive celebrity.* The phrase might be ambiguous to-day; but in 1819, Southey could safely allude thus to the moving wood in *Macbeth.*

59. *The Inchcape Rock.* Southey's well-known ballad on the legend had been written and published many years before.

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61. *Joanna Southcoti* or *Southcote*, a phenomenon of popular religion at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Southey had given a lively account of her and of similar curiosities of English life in his imaginary *Letters of Espriella* (1807), supposed to be written from England by a young Spaniard. The contemporary, *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, by Lockhart, which he encountered on this journey, were of the same nature.

61. *Ferdinand.* King Ferdinand VII. of Spain, who had been restored to the throne after the expulsion of the French, in 1812. His reign, one of the most flagrant in Spanish history, was closed by the Revolution of 1820, a few months after Southey wrote.

112. *Edith . . . Cuthbert*, Southey's wife and son. The latter afterwards edited his father's works. It was presumably in deference to Southey's wish that the *Journal*, which he later sold, as stated in the Preface, was not included.

133. *Vitrified Forts.* Southey had probably read the explanation of these forts, first advanced by John Williams in 1777, and now generally accepted. Fire was applied to certain rocks as a means of fusing them into a solid mass for purposes of defence. In Scotland these forts are mostly found near the sea, and are thought to have been defences against the Northmen. They have since been found also in Germany and France. Some rocks are, however, not easily fusible; such are the conglomerates of the Old Red Sandstone. In these cases, pieces of fusible rock were brought from a distance and carried to the top. Among these last was Craig Phadraic, the actual fort visited by Southey. (*Encycl. Brit.* s.v.)

JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND IN 1819

Tuesday, August 17.—Reached Edinburgh in the Carlisle Mail at ¼ past 5 A.M. On the way I admired the unusual and imposing appearance of the New Courts at Carlisle, one on each side the entrance of the City from the South. They tell me that the architect intended to unite them by an arch supporting a cupola, but that Lord Lonsdale, upon whom the obloquy of the expenditure would have fallen, objected to it as causing a heavy addition of unnecessary cost. Tarn Wadling, which I had hitherto only seen from the top of Skiddaw and of Saddleback, was to me an object of more interest. I had always half-purposed to visit it in pilgrimage for Sir Gawain's sake. It is a pleasanter spot than I had been lead to expect, the ground about it being agreably varied, and on one side there is a fine dark hill. The Tarn itself would just deserve to be called a fine piece of

water, were it in a park. I could not perceive from a mail-coach window whence it derives its waters. There is a good deal of new cultivation near, adjoining what my friend Calvert calls his back settlements.

I had over-painted in recollection the scenery upon the Esk between Longtown and Langholme. Less of the road is beautiful than I thought I remembered it to be; yet it is every where pleasing. The Esk where you first see it flows in the midst of a wide bed of gravel; higher up the bed becomes rocky, and the banks are high, steep and wooded with old trees. The road crosses it thrice, and there are two more bridges at Langholme. On the other hand, I had not sufficiently admired the Esk-dale scenery north of Langholme: it has a quiet sober character, a somewhat melancholy kind of beauty, in accord with autumn, evening and declining life; green hills high enough to assume something of a mountainous sweep and swell; green pastures where man has done little, but where little more seems to be wanting; a clear stream, and about that number of cattle which one might suppose belonged to the inhabitants for their own use, and were not bred for the drover. The higher ground near Mosspaul

Inn I had borne in mind perfectly; and here the Ewes, one of the two streams which join the Esk at Langholme, and which I had followed upward from that town, becomes a mere runnel, over which a child might step. It was dark before I reached Hawick, so that I missed much of Tiviotdale. At Hawick, being a solitary passenger, I made tea for myself, and read Barclay's *Argenis* (my pocket companion) in a comfortless room. Yet in chearful company I should have noticed for approbation the proper plainness and inexpensiveness of the furniture. And the Landlady was a civil, attentive person, bearing in her countenance and manners marks of a kind, motherly nature, as if she were one to whom a sick traveller might trust himself.

Edinburgh was alive when I entered it; even at that early hour there was a busy greens-market in the High Street. Upon enquiry I learned that every thing must be cleared away before eight o'clock—a good, wise regulation. After cleaning and dressing myself, I got into Mr Rickman's apartments at MacGregor's Hotel, in Princes Street, and there sate down with Barclay till the guests of the house were stirring. Very glad to see my old friends Mr and Mrs R., with whom I

am to perform this Highland journey; they arrived here by sea a few days ago, and had the rare fortune to see a porpoise shot by the way. Frances is of the party, and William Charles, whom I had never seen before—a fine hopeful creature, seven years old, very like his Aunt. Here also I was introduced to our fellow traveller, Miss Emma Pigott, a young lady of prepossessing appearance and agreable manners.

Called on Miss Stanger to deliver a small packet from her father, and was courteously received by Mrs Grant, whom I liked well, and with whom I promised to breakfast the next morning. Looked for my brother Tom's sister-in-law, Eleanor Castle; she happens to be with Lady Cumming Gordon,[1] Forres House, Morayshire, where I shall have a chance of seeing her. Found her sister Fanny, who was a little girl when I saw her last, and is now a sensible young woman, acting as governess in Leonard Horner's family, and apparently well qualified for such a charge. Called on Blackwood, who gave me Peter's *Letters*, which he has just published; and on Laing—he had forgotten my person, but I had remembered his, which is as properly

[1] Presumably Gordon-Cumming.

Scotch as a haggis or a thistle. Got his catalogue. Went with R. to the College to look at the preposterous ceiling of their intended Museum, a rich specimen of ill-directed expenditure. Then to Watson's Hospital, whither Mr Jollie the treasurer accompanied us, and also to the establishment for Merchants' Orphan girls. In the grandiloquous speech of Scotland, a Merchant means a shopkeeper, as a pound means a shilling. In both these charitable institutions everything seems excellently good. As something peculiar as well as good I noticed ranges of tin basons for washing, with a supply of water to each. I wonder that, for the sake of economy, fish in a seaport so abundantly supplied therewith should not be substituted twice or thrice a week instead of meat, all supposed danger of leprosy from such diet having ceased, and for the salted kinds the use of potatoes seeming so precisely adapted; red herring and potatoes being like bread and cheese, or pease and bacon, a noble illustration of pre-existant harmonies and the fitness of things. The girls are educated to become governesses, for whom there is a much greater demand in Scotland than in England. Persons in the lower classes of middle life, and farmers, employ them,

instead of sending their children to boarding schools. The Scotch practise is better in every way, and especially as affording a respectable livelihood for so many young women.

Both these establishments are institutions of real utility—places of hope. Gillespie's Hospital, to which we went next, is far otherwise. This is an Almshouse for the poor and indigent of good character, with no other distinction; and here much money is expended to little other purpose than that of relieving individuals from the duty of supporting persons who from age, infirmity, and misfortune are become useless to others, and burthensome even to themselves. The inmates having nothing to do but to wait for death, live very long, and are many of them very quarrelsome and unhappy. They are lodged two in a room. There is an air of squallid poverty about them, both men and women, which the use of a habit would effectually remove. But tho' their apparel is only one degree better than that of a beggar, a habit having no religious association in this country would be regarded as the badge of pauperism, and therefore has not been introduced, as it ought to be. In such things the Romanists are wiser;

and indeed in everything connected with eleemosynary establishments the Reformation has done harm, and it is time that this should be seen and acknowledged, as well as felt. Gillespie's benevolent purpose would have been much better effected by granting pensions to the objects of his charity, as is done to the out-pensioners of Greenwich and Chelsea.

Mr Telford arrived in the afternoon from Glasgow, so the whole party were now collected. There is so much intelligence in his countenance, so much frankness, kindness and hilarity about him, flowing from the never-failing well-spring of a happy nature, that I was upon cordial terms with him in five minutes. Dr Rennie dined with us, physician to the army in Ireland, a man of frank manners, great good sense, good humour, and simplicity of character, and as tall and gaunt in structure as if he were of the race of the Anakim. He told us some remarkable facts concerning the typhus fever which prevails in Ireland. Of the patients in the higher classes one in four died. In the hospitals that where the practise had been most successful lost one in twenty-two, in the others the mortality was one

in fourteen. But in the country, where patients were so numerous that they were placed out in the fields (like the sick in some of my South American tribes) by the side of a brook or ditch, in an open shed, with a little hurdle-work over them, and a mess of gruel or some such thing, beside, to eat or leave as they liked, the mortality was only one in seventy, so much worse is the best ventilated hospital than the open air. I repeated this next day to Dr Hope, and he then told me in confirmation of the conclusion which Dr Rennie had inferred, that the wounded both at Talavera and Salamanca who were left all night upon the field recovered in much greater proportion than those who had been housed, and this he ascribed to the effect of the free air in preventing or allaying fever.

When Mr Jollie was a boy it was the common belief that if you put a straw in the keyhole of Sir George Mackenzie's tomb-chamber and said three times "Bloody Mackenzie, your soul's in hell!" the door would open of itself. The people of Edinburgh are beginning to have a taste for ornamented churches. The new kirk in Charlotte Square has a dome of some pre-

THOMAS TELFORD

From the portrait by Samuel Lane in the possession of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

SOUTH WALES CENTRAL LIBRARY

tensions. In the near view I should like the building better without it, but it appears well in the distance. The arches which seem to support it within are only plaister work, and the real support is said to depend in part upon certain beams, which is surely trusting far too much to wood.

Wednesday, August 18. — Breakfasted at Mrs Grant's, and there met Mr James Wilson, brother to Wilson the poet. I was beginning to speak with indignation of Peter's *Letters*, and the wretched state of society which such a book indicated, with its gossip, its personalities, and its flattery laid on thick and rank as train oil, when it was whispered to me that James Wilson was brother to one of the reputed authors. I had not before known who he was, but Blackwood had implied as much as the other part of the hint was intended to convey, when he told me that I knew the author. Mrs G. saw the signs of the times as I did, and liked them as little. I was glad of an opportunity to tell her how much I valued her *Memoirs of an American Lady*, as a genuine picture of society in one of its happiest stages—a peculiar and transitory

stage, and which could have existed nowhere but in an English colony.

Went to the Orphan Hospital: everything excellent as to economy and system, except the teaching, which is deplorably inferior to Dr Bell's. Shoes and stockings may be worn or not, at the will of the individual, and many of the girls availed themselves of this privilege to go barefoot, wisely accustoming themselves to the hardy and parsimonious, but filthy custom of their countrywomen. The children in general are so handsome that one wonders at the aweful ugliness of the men and women. It is the same in France, the Scotch and the French being undoubtedly the two ugliest nations in Europe. Childhood has a grace of its own, which is lost when the features take the cast of the national character. To the New Prison, a good Giant Despair's Castle. From the roof we saw the Round Tower over Hume's grave in the adjacent burial ground, which is inclosed from the high road by a sepulchral wall in good taste. To Heriot's Hospital. Saw the boys, 175 in number, dine upon bread and milk, the latter is so honest in quality, that most of them began by skimming the cream. They used horn spoons, which

are cleaner and therefore better than either wooden or pewter. While they were at their meal, I thought of noticing the proportion of complexions. There was not one with black hair; two or three only with flaxen; some half a dozen of the shades between sand and carrots; the great majority shades of brown and mostly of the middle tint. As soon as they had done, four strapping women servants came in, bearing two large wooden tubs; they went to the cross table at the head of the hall, and two going right, two left, caught up the tin porridge cups and toss'd them into the tubs, making the noblest noise I ever heard as an accompaniment to a dinner. Then after the grace, away the urchins went, to the tune of their own footsteps, two and two, scuffling over the sanded floor. In one of the apartments there is a remarkable old stove, unlike any that I have seen upon the continent, for it has the fire in the middle, and four pillars on each side to which the heat is communicated. The tablets here give proof of the utility of this institution by recording benefactions from many persons who were educated here. The boys do not wear a habit; all are dressed alike, but the dress is like that

of other boys. A good panorama from the leads.

Got from Laing's catalogue the *Relation de la Riviere des Amazones,* translated by Gomberville from the original Spanish by Acuña, with a dissertation of considerable length, and the *Journal of Grillet and Bechamel's Travels in Guiana*—a very neat copy. I had long been in search of this book. What Gomberville says concerning the suppression of the original is certainly untrue; but there are some curious things in the dissertation which make the work a desirable acquisition for my Brazilian collection. Bought also from the same catalogue the *Relations Veritables et Curieuses de l'Isle de Madagascar & du Brésil,* Paris, 1651. This very copy I saw thirteen years ago and did not purchase, because I had some reason to think my Uncle possessed the book. Laing, talking of my *Life of Wesley,* gave me an original letter of Whitefield's, of no value except as a relic—but I found something worthy of notice in the seal; broken as the impression is, the device may be made out, a winged heart soaring above the World, and the motto *Astra petamus.*

Mr and Mrs Hope, and Dr Hope, dined

with us. Prince Leopold arrived this day, and Edinburgh was all alive. He went to the theatre, and the whole family of Tag, Rag, and Bobtail (more numerous than any of the Macs and all the Campbells) were swarming in Princes Street till midnight.

Thursday, August 19.—The Night Mare was at MacGregor's hotel last night. She went to my next neighbour's room, instead of mine, for which I thank her, and he awoke me by three of the most dreadful groans I ever heard.

The view from this hotel in the morning when the fires are just kindled, is probably the finest smoke-scape that can anywhere be seen. Well may Edinburgh be called Auld Reekie! and the houses stand so one above another, that none of the smoke wastes itself upon the desert air before the inhabitants have derived all the advantage of its odour and its smuts. You might smoke bacon by hanging it out of the window. Went to Holyrood House, where there are portraits of ancient Kings as fabulous as their history, and genuine ones of Mary, which certainly are not beautiful, or only so by comparison in Scotland; anywhere else such a countenance

would only be called good-looking, and that rather by courtesy than by right. The pictures of the Duchess of Portsmouth and Nell Gwynne show that Charles II. had a good taste in female physiognomy, both, but especially the latter, being full of intelligence and good nature. The stain of David Rizzio's blood is still visible in two places; and the partition is shown which is said to have been put up by Mary's order, for the purpose of putting out of her sight a scene that was never out of her mind till she had taken full vengeance for it upon the prime mover. We could not discover the profile of Nelson under his monument which is said to be seen from Holyrood House; and what seems very odd, the Housekeeper there had never heard of it. Mr Hope, however, tells us we looked for it from the wrong spot.

How can the Edinburghers boast of their High Street? It is odd and characteristic, therefore interesting; but on the whole it bears comparison better with St Giles's than with the fine streets of Oxford, Antwerp, and Madrid. The Windes, down which an English eye may look, but into which no English nose would willingly venture, for stinks older than the Union are to be

found there—show at once how a Porteous mob might rise like Myrmidons from the earth and presently disappear again. Went to a Jeweller's, where we saw a rich display of Scotch gems. Trinkets of such materials as Mont Blanc produces are about cent. per cent. dearer here than at Chamounix.

The people of Edinburgh have acquired a taste, or more properly a rage for splendid buildings. The expenditure upon the College is profuse, even to absurdity; and they are at this time erecting an hotel which looks more fit for a palace. They begin now to be ashamed of their mound, of which they formerly boasted, and to wish that they had made a bridge instead. A single wall is built along this mound, with a pavement on both sides; it is for the sake of shelter from the wind whether it blows east or west. The good sense of this makes one wonder the more at the enormous length of the streets in the New Town, where there is neither protection nor escape from the severe winds to which Edinburgh is exposed. There is a new English Church at the end of Princes Street, in a highly ornamented Gothic style, and well provided with catacombs.[1] The

[1] St John's.

houses in Edinburgh are numbered across the street, the odd numbers on one side, the even on the other—a convenient arrangement after one has found it out. Butcher here means the slaughterer; he who sells the meat is called by the ugly name of the flesher. Called on Mr Gillies, to whom Wordsworth has addressed a wholesome sonnet; he is nephew to the old historian, and had left a card for me. While I was at his house Mr Black, the biographer of Tasso, came in; he is now settled as a Pastor, six miles from Air.[1] We went together to call on Wilson, and this gave me an opportunity of seeing the Leith river in a part of its course where if man had left it unpolluted, it would have been a wild and beautiful stream. Gillies is a man of very interesting appearance, but too manifestly one of the sensitive plants of hot house culture. He walked back with me to the town, and we found Wilson at Blackwood's, much altered since I saw him last, having now the stamp of middle age upon his features. They introduced me to Mr Lockhart, Wilson's reputed coadjutor in the *Magazine* and in Peter's *Letters*—a man of great talents, and of right principles in

[1] Ayr.

most things of importance, tho' he has chosen a most reprehensible mannner of bringing them forward.

Dined with Mr Hope, who is lodging on the shore at Leith. R. and I left the coach and walked across the Links, for the chance of seeing the golf-players; but the weather was too hot for them. Indeed it would scarcely have been hotter at Lisbon. I observed the same grasses here which prevail everywhere in England upon places that are much trodden by human feet—one the short rye grass, the other with a small loose tufted blossom. There being still time before dinner, I got into a bathing machine, and left some of my superfluous heat in the Firth.

Saw at Mr Hope's an account of the Manchester Meeting, which as every reasonable person must have anticipated, has not ended without bloodshed. Mr Hope, a young Advocate, son of the Lord President, dined with us. Dr Hope argued that no quantity of ice which can be supposed to be floating at any one time in the Atlantic could by possibility affect the atmosphere here, any more than a glass of ice-cream would cool a heated ball-room. The cause of the cold south and west winds he thinks lies higher,

and as yet, above our reach. The youngest child of Mrs Hope had been dangerously ill during four months with the hooping cough: the remedy which afforded most relief was an ointment of garlic applied to the soles of his feet; in a very short time the smell was perceived in his breath, and to this more than to any other application, the preservation of his life is attributed. The Bass Rock was just visible thro' the hot hazy atmosphere; and when we returned at night we saw the Inchkeith revolving light.

When I went into the hotel to go to bed, a young American at his own desire was introduced to me—by the waiter. He said that his name was Robinson, that he was a Bostonian, and well acquainted both with Everett and Ticknor. I am sorry that my movements prevent me from seeing him at Keswick, where I should be always glad to receive any friend of theirs.

Friday, August 20.—The Night Mare was in the house again. I wish she had put up at any other hotel during my stay. Rose at five, packed my trunk, inserted in my journal all the remaining memoranda concerning Edinburgh, and now the Coach is at the door.

These horses are to take us to Linlithgow, whither those which are engaged for the whole journey were sent forward yesterday.

At a turnpike not far from Edinburgh is this inscription, "Whisky, porter and ale: *uppiting* for horses," which comical word seems to mean up-putting. There is an odd kirk near (at Corstorphine I believe) which looked like three or four little ones put together. A cartload of harvesters past us on their way afield. Men and women in abundance were busy at this chearful work; but they seemed less active and less regular in their movements than English labourers would have been. No pastures here, and few hedges—hence an open and somewhat of a foreign appearance in the country. 16 miles to Linlithgow. The Church is a venerable structure. Part of it has recently been very neatly fitted up for worship; the seats are so arranged in segments of circles, where necessary, as that all the congregation may face the pulpit. The palace, which is said to have been set on fire by the English troops in 1745, is on many accounts an interesting place. We were shown in it the apartments wherein Mary and Charles the First were born. The quadrangle is fine: one side

appears to be of the early Tudor age; one is in the viler stile of James the First, where the windows are made in imitation of woodwork. The ruins of what must have been a magnificent fountain in the centre. A lake near—such a one as Tarn Wadling. The town decayed, dirty and dolorous; only that a burlesque imitation of the old fountain called the Cross Well, has lately been erected. We had broiled fresh salmon at breakfast, to which the Wolf[1] took as kindly as if he had been an Otter. 19 to Stirling: the whole way from Edinburgh is thro' a fertile and highly cultivated country. Thro' Falkirk—a busy town, which has taken away the trade of Linlithgow since the Great Canal (as it is called) was cut to connect the Forth with the Clyde. We pass'd under that canal by an arch so dangerously low, that it might easily prove fatal to a traveller on the outside of a stage coach. A new road is making near Stirling, for a short distance, with a bridge, which is one of Mr Telford's works, and has a huge circle over the single arch—the first bridge which I have seen in this form:

[1] A travelling appellation which the Journalist obtained upon the Continent for his exploits at breakfast, dinner, supper, and all supplementary meals.

the appearance is singular and striking. Bannockburn is just before you reach Stirling. The position is said very much to resemble that at Waterloo; but I could not see enough of the ground, nor indeed was it pointed out to me with sufficient accuracy, to form any opinion upon the resemblance. This is the only great battle that ever was lost by the English—their only disgraceful defeat. At Hastings there was no disgrace. Here it was the army of Lions commanded by a stag.

When they watered the horses, they mixed meal with the water. We watered ourselves at the same time with luxurious Twopenny, which is bottled small beer, as weak as Mr Locke's metaphysics, as frothy as Counsellor Phillips's eloquence, and when the cork has been drawn a few minutes as vapid as an old number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

The Castle at Stirling stands upon a commanding eminence like that of Edinburgh, and in a finer situation. On one side the slope is wooded, as at Appleby, and fragments of basaltic rock project. The view from hence, much as I had heard of it, fully equalled my expectations: it commands the line of the Ochil hills, and the rich vale of the Forth, which is in the highest state of cultivation,

and is now in all the beauty of the harvest. Much to the credit of the town a comfortable bench has been placed in the best situation upon the walk, with this inscription:—To accommodate | the Aged and Infirm, | who had long resorted | to this spot, | on account of its warmth | and shelter | from every wind, | this seat was erected, | 1817. The ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey are in sight, on the banks of the river, scarcely a mile distant. A single tower seems to be all that remains.

That part of the Palace which was built by James V is one of the most remarkable examples of architectural caprice. It is a quadrangle, surrounding a court, now called the Lions' den, because the King's Lions are said to have been kept there. The outer side of the square is the ornamented part. Between every two windows the half-figure of a monster projects, and serves as the base of a short column; out of this a second column rises, upon which there stands a figure, generally either of a King or Queen of Scotland, with some capriccio above. The monsters are all different, and the four sides are adorned in this grotesque manner. We obtained entrance, contrary to the soldiers' wishes, thro' the courtesy of a

gentleman who saw us from one of the windows; but there was nothing to be seen within, for the whole palace has been converted into apartments for officers and other persons connected with the army. The Chapel has been turned into an armoury, and the pulpit from which the sermon at Prince Henry's christening was preached, is thrust into a corner. I could not but think that a more dignified use, and more becoming both the nation and the monarchy, might be devised for these ancient and venerable buildings. There are many other monuments of elder times upon the hill; indeed the place affords rich materials for an antiquarian and picturesque work. Bought the *History of Stirling*—one of those compilations which are so useful for travellers.

The general want of cleanliness, and a total indifference to any appearance of it, have been very apparent upon this day's journey. The houses seem to have been white washed when they were built, and never since that time; and they look the worse because the windows are not casements, but in wooden frames, which when the panes are whole are not in keeping with the general meanness of the buildings, and when broken are seldom

mended; the hole is either patched with paper, or stuffed with a clout, or pieced, or left with no other covering than what the spiders may be pleased to make, every way increasing the air of discomfort and untidiness. Almost all the girls, disgusting as they are with their bare feet, and the whole of their dirty dress, have their hair in papers. One smartly drest young woman we saw near Falkirk in the filthy bare-foot fashion of the country, a custom to which nothing could ever reconcile our English feelings. We past many good kirks; in this point Jock is wonderfully improved in his taste.

After taking some cold meat we proceeded towards Callander, a stage of 16 miles. The view of Stirling Castle tho' inferior to that on the other side, is very fine, and that of Craigforth is very fine also. Leaving Blair-Drummond on the left we crost a moss belonging to that estate, where the process of clearing it which was begun by the late Lord Kames is still in progress. The depth of the moss is from three to twelve feet, and the mode of clearing it is by washing it away into the Forth, for which purpose a huge wheel to raise water has been constructed.

8 miles to Down.[1] The ruins of the Castle stand in a beautiful situation, over the Teith, a little above its confluence with the Ardoch. Down is a small, ugly, thriving place, where five great cattle fairs are held yearly; it is on the border of the highland country, but not close to the mountains. As you enter it from Stirling there is a long row of new cottages, uniformly and contiguously built, like one side of a street.

A little beyond this place, one of the near horses stumbled, owing I believe to a loose stone in the road, and fell: it was on a slight descent, and he was dragged a few yards before the leaders could stop the carriage: the postillion fell under him, and cried out piteously "O my leg, my leg!" Happening to be on the box with Willy, I saw this frightful accident. By good fortune it was close to a blacksmith's, and he not being afraid of horses was of more service than all the other persons who presently gathered round. The driver was soon extricated; and when the poor fellow found that he could both stand and walk, he said in a chearful tone he had had a broken leg before—as if he had not been alarmed at the danger which he

[1] Doune.

had so narrowly escaped. The horse had received no injury—so that half an hour's delay seemed to be all the harm. The cause of this mishap lay in the obstinacy of the Perthshire people, Perthshire being the only highland county where they will not let the Commissioners interfere with the management of the roads. Some travellers coming lately from the fine new roads in the North of Scotland, which are the best in the world, found themselves on a sudden upon a sort of Devil's bowling-green, and cried out in alarm "What's the matter?"—supposing that the horses had got out of their proper line. But the driver coolly answered, "Perthshire—we're in Perthshire, Sir."

From Down to Callander the way is thro' an improving country, but far different in its culture from the rich fields thro' which our previous road had lain. The chief improvements are upon an estate called Ballachallan, which has passed from a decayed family into the hands of an enterprizing purchaser. It was almost in a state of nature when it was sold, and many parts of it are now as valuable as any ground in the Strath of Monteith. Cambusmore is the name of this gentleman's residence; we passed another

called Cambuswallace, and there is Cambuskenneth Abbey; what *Cambus* means I have not learnt. Here at Callander we find just room enough to accommodate us in the fine large inn of this poor place, which according to the Stirling Guide, is the first highland village on this side of the Grampians. We are in an apartment not less than twenty four feet square, and twelve in height:—for what can it be wanted in such a situation? On the chimney-piece are a black cock and hen stuffed. We have none of these birds in Cumberland, but I believe they are still to be found, where they might less be expected upon the Quantock Hills, in Somersetshire. It was nine o'clock when we arrived, and I had good part of an hour for minuting down the recollections of the day. The leaden inkstand here is of a sensible shape—like a hat of Cromwell's age, with a hole at the top. At ten we sate down to hot and cold salmon, and lamb chops. Good bottled porter, but no twopenny, which everybody would have liked better.

Saturday, August 21.—A blacksmith is walking deliberately down the middle of the street, talking Gaelic aloud and earnestly as if

he were preaching. It sounds very much like its sister-language the Welsh, abounding in vowels and gutturals. The inkstand which I have described excited Willy's curiosity as much as it had my notice, and having no suspicion what it was, he made a black discovery by turning it up to look at the bottom, and to see what it contained.

After breakfast we started for Loch Katrin, with a pair of horses. The better part of Callander is on the Glasgow road, which we had not seen last night, and in that direction there is a good bridge over the Teith. About a mile on our way is a burial ground having no kirk or other building near it, but with a bell suspended upon a high pole, under a little four-sided pyramidal roofing, altogether unlike anything I had ever seen elsewhere. Had I been a draughtsman it would certainly have had a place in my sketch-book. A poor crippled boy was sitting on a stool in the bed of the river where we crossed it, for the evident purpose of bathing his leg—and this also would have been worthy of a painter's memorandum. 10 miles to the inn near Loch Katrin. The road was said to be good, the meaning of which we found to be that it was practicable for a coach, being in reality

not only very bad, but in no slight degree dangerous, for in many places the slightest deviation from the track would either upset the carriage by the rocks on one side, or precipitate it down a crumbling bank on the other. We past by two lakes, both lying on our left, on our right was Benledi, or the Hill of God, a lofty ridge, on the summit of which in the druidical times the people from the country round are said to have assembled for three days and nights, every year, at the summer solstice. It is said also that the summit has the appearance of having been smoothed and drest, but this does not appear congruous to what we know of the manner of their worship. The first of the Lakes is called Loch Venachoir, the Lake of the Fair Valley —a straight but fine piece of water, apparently at least three miles in length. Loch Achray, or the Lake of the Field of Devotion, is smaller: here there is a beautiful little island with a few trees, and a fine termination, in which Benvenue, 2800 feet in height, makes the prominent feature. Near the end of this second lake is a small inn where carriages stop, and guides are in readiness. This was a farm house till Walter Scott brought the Trosachs and Loch Katrin into fashion, and

was called after the farm Ard-cean-chrocan. I neglected to notice for what civilized appellation of Blue Boar, Red Lion, White Hart, or Spread Eagle this barbarous name has been commuted; but if the owner of the house has a proper sense of his obligations, he will set up the sign of Walter Scott's head.

When we arrived the sun had not yet cleared away the clouds which had thus far favoured us by affording a comfortable shade, and when we entered the Trosachs the outline of the higher summits was not visible. This word, its seems, is equivalent to the Wilds—a suspicious translation, however, because one part of this country can hardly be called wilder than another. The pass bears much resemblance to the Gorge of Borrodale; but it is upon a larger scale and better wooded. At first its stream is smaller than the Derwent where it leaves Borrodale, but ere long you see the lake flowing in, and filling the whole bottom. The lake has two outlets here, both communicating with Loch Achray; that by which we approached appears to be the smallest: the waters go on to Loch Venachoir, and so to the Teith, the Forth, and then the sea. Looking in books and maps for the proper mode of spelling Loch Katren, I find

myself puzzled how to find the orthography in the polyography of the word. However, I conclude that as it *may* mean the Lake of Robbers, it *must* mean it, for no other meaning could be so likely. Kate's Lake therefore it cannot be, in spite of all the claims of all the St Katharines.

We embarked as soon as we came to the water side, and it was amusing to hear the boatmen relate with equal gravity the exploits of Bruce, Cromwell, and Rob Roy, and the incidents of Scott's poem as connected with the scenery of the Lake. The Island would be more beautiful if it were not so lofty; and it is too much covered with wood. We landed not far from it, on the right shore, (that is, looking up the Lake) and ascended to a point from whence the whole may be seen. The higher and greater part is not interesting; the end is certainly unsurpassed in its kind—perhaps unequalled, by anything that I have ever seen. Last year the Duke of Montrose sold the woods on Benvenue, which was then compleatly clothed with fine trees, for the paltry price of 200£. It seems incredible that for such a sum he should have incurred the obloquy and the disgrace of disfiguring, as far as it was in his power to

disfigure, the most beautiful spot in the whole island of Great Britain. Notwithstanding the remoteness of the situation the purchasers have made 3000£ by their bargain. The scenery must have suffered much, but not so much as might be supposed; trees enough of smaller growth were left, because they were not worth cutting, to prevent any appearance of nakedness; and rocks and crags have been laid bare, which before must have been concealed. But this did not enter into his Grace's calculations; he is fairly entitled to all the vituperation which is bestowed upon him by the visitors to Loch Katren. The day cleared before we began to return, and nothing could then be more favourable than the lights. The side on which we landed was of a sylvan character, like the end of Leathes water, but upon a much larger scale. Benvenue, if I remember rightly, more resembles Helvellin as seen from Ullswater, than any other mountain with which I can compare it. It appears well for its height; indeed I should have guessed its elevation above the real measurement. But perhaps the finest points of view are in the Trosachs, before you arrive at the water; and when its summit appears over the hills in the gorge;

and the entrance of the gorge from the Lake, where the base of the mountain is seen. Trout and char in the Lake, and pike, which were introduced a few years ago from a small lake between this and Loch Lomond. As we went back we noticed several boys and lads walking in Loch Venachoir, near the shore, bare-legged, and with their sleeves tucked up—we supposed them to be looking for pebbles. Returned by half-past five to dinner. When I went into my bedroom, I found sundry curling-papers, and a woman's filthy cap on the dressing table.

From what we observed and learnt upon the road, it is plain that some improvement is going on, tho' improvement as well as Spring "comes slowly up this way." Farms of reasonable extent are gradually swallowing up those which are too small, and thus introducing more sense of comfort, and better habitations. We saw the skeletons of several Highland cabins in decay, where the ribs rested on the ground. What new ones had been erected were better built and of better materials, having stone walls and slate roofs, like decent English cottages. There is some tolerable cultivation near Callander; a little above that place it becomes

slovenly; the pasture is left wholly to nature; and here and there poor oats and poorer barley, both over-run with weeds, are raised in a climate most unfit for grain. It is evident that this ought to be a pastoral country, and that all the grain which is wanted here should be brought from other parts where it is cultivated with less uncertainty. Did the people manage their grass lands well, the stock of cattle might be prodigiously increased. Turnips, potatoes (which indeed they cultivate with care, and it seems to be the only thing on which care is bestowed), cabbage, and doubtless other culinary herbs and roots, succeed here perfectly. The error is in relying upon the cereal plants instead of these, which are less precarious and more productive—upon flour and oatmeal instead of potatoes, porridge, and sour krout.

I saw no whins to-day; much broom and much juniper, either of them far more beautiful than the whin when its golden season is over, but during that season it is indeed the glory of the wastes. No lichen geographicus: plenty of bog myrtle—and the little star-plant also. Heather, but not in abundance; this blossom when it predominates may well

be called the bloom of the mountains. There are goats upon Benvenue which have become wild, but are still considered private property. The boatman supposed them to be about forty. I wish they may be allowed to multiply. The extirpation of wild beasts from this island is one of the best proofs of our advanced civilization, but in losing those wild animals from which no danger could arise, the country loses one of its great charms.

Over the entrance to the Inn yard at Callander are two most unlionlike Lions in stone, McNab's crest, the Lord of this country, by whom the house was built. McNab was asked one day by his friend Lord Breadalbane for what those ugly figures were placed there; and he replied in allusion to the feuds which had existed in old times between the two families, "Just to frighten the Campbells, I believe."

Sunday, August 22.—14 miles to the head of Loch Earn, by the military road up the pass of Leney, where in all ordinary seasons the Teith must be a powerful torrent, but now it is nearly dry. Along the eastern side of Loch Lubnaig, which is about five miles in length—the opposite shore is at

the foot of a mountain which is said to be 3009 feet in height. In a house on a little elevation which we passed, Bruce used to have his summer residence while he was preparing his travels for the press. We saw what we supposed to be the ruins of his boat house. To me who have read Bruce twice in later years with close attention, when I reviewed the new edition of his travels, and have yet so much to derive from him, and compare with him, in a future work, this is one of the most interesting spots that I could have seen. Went thro' the village of Strathyre after we had left the lake; and left on the left (Oh most *left*-handed journalist!) a *strath* or *straeth*, that is, a valley wide enough for culture and population. In that valley, but not within sight from our road, is Loch Voil, from whence the Teith proceeds. Its farthest springs are in the mountain where the counter-streams form the northern sources of Loch Katren. The river which proceeds from Loch Katren joins the Teith near Callander, soon after it leaves the pass of Leney, with equal, or almost equal waters. The Braes of Balquhidder were our next object, *braes* being hill or mountain slopes

fit for the use of man and beast. Ere long we reached a very good inn at the broad square head of Loch Earn—a house of less pretensions than that at Callander, but in all respects better. Behind it were three hawks, each fastened to its perch, belonging to Sir David Baird, who has probably acquired a taste for hawking in India—certainly the noblest of all field sports, but as certainly the least excusable, because of the cruelties which are daily and habitually practised in training. We found lying upon the table here a pamphlett entitled "Striking and Picturesque Delineations of the Grand, Beautiful, Wonderful and Interesting Scenery around Loch Earn, by Angus McDiarmid, Ground Officer on the Earl of Breadalbane's Estate of Edinample." The first sentence—if sentence that may be called which hath no limitations of sense or syntax—sufficed to show that this production deserved a place among the *Lusus Literaturæ*, and I was about to buy one from the waiter but Mr Telford insisted upon adding this choice piece to my collection of curiosities. The author verily believes it to be the best book in the world; and if any surprize is expressed at its high price (2s. 9d. for 42

pages), he says, "Aye, that's because of the high stile."

After breakfast we proceeded by a fine mountain pass of eight miles to Killin, which is near the head of Loch Tay. About seven miles of the distance are by the Military Road, upon which we entered at Callander, and for which as bound by duty and by rhyme, we blest General Wade. That road strikes off on the left towards Fillan and Tyandrum, up the vale where the Dochart comes down. Some mile or two before we reached Killin the Lion Mountains opened upon us—a little in their first appearance like the Mythen-berg behind Schweitz: four or five of their fine summits have a strong family likeness. The Dochart is now almost dry, at other times the scene by the two bridges must be exceedingly grand, when the wide torrent rolls down that rockery bed. Close by is the entrance to M'Nab's burial ground. A personage of this name was one of the last Highland Lairds who kept up the genuine unmitigated character, and he told the Lady whom he was wooing, among the other agreable things of which he invited her to partake, that he had the finest burial ground in the highlands. A very fine one

it is, and because he would not sell the sepulchres of his fathers to Lord Breadalbane, it is said that that Lord, with an infirmity common to *noble* minds did not chuse to reside within sight of any piece of ground that was not his own property, and for that reason removed his quarters to the foot of the lake. This is a likely story for the McNabs to tell and believe, but not very likely in itself. A more probable as well as a more worthy motive for removing the *solar* is to be found in the obvious fact that the removal was in all respects for the better. The longer I live, the less am I disposed to credit personal anecdotes: I have seen too many lies of myself, both in praise and in dispraise.

The staircase at Killin winds like that of a tower, round a newel or central pillar, but this newel is made of pieces of birch, about six inches thick, laid transversely. From its polish and colour the wood appears like stone; the worms have attacked it (I believe there is scarce any wood which they attack so soon as the birch), but as yet they have done little injury. An Eagle's claw is used for a bell-rope-handle. In the room where we were quartered there was a closed bed stead made in the form of a bureau and

bookcase, the backs and titles of books being painted on canvas within the glass doors. Gaelic service was going on in the kirk, which was compleatly full. I listened at the door awhile; the preacher was loud and appeared to be vehemently earnest. In this and in the other villages which we have past, Vintner is written up where whiskey is sold.

Sixteen miles to Kenmore, or Taymouth. For the first mile you keep part of the way by the Dochart, which forms some fine *remansos*, or resting-places (we have no equivalent word) before it enters the lake. There is a good bridge over it. The remainder of the road (we were on the left, that is the northern side) is always within sight of the water, but considerably above it; and therefore for the sake of a shorter line, it goes up and down many hills, all which might have been avoided by keeping the shore: thus more is lost in time and labour than is gained in distance, and in this instance the lower line would have been the more beautiful, or at least no beauty would be lost by it. The country is very well cultivated. When Lord Breadalbane turned his mountains into sheep-farms, he removed the Highlanders to this valley. The evil of the migration, if

it were so mismanaged as to produce any, is at an end, and a wonderful improvement it has been, both for the country and for them. There are marks of well-directed industry everywhere. Flax, potatoes, clover, oats and barley, all carefully cultivated and flourishing; the houses not in villages, but scattered about: and the people much more decent in their appearance, than those whom we saw between Killin and Callander. We met many returning from kirk and carrying their bibles: one old woman, probably unable to go so far from home, was sitting out of doors, reading hers. The children have the vile habit of begging, to the disgrace of the parents, who suffer and most likely encourage it—but they are a healthy and handsome race. Stone inclosures run high up the hills on both sides of the lake. There is no want of trees, and many planes among them. The head and foot of Loch Tay are both very fine, the intermediate part has no picturesque beauty; but it is a noble piece of water—like an American river were it not for its apparent want of motion—in its narrowest part I think a mile wide, and perhaps nowhere so much as two. Toward the end it bends to the right, that is to the south-east, and then

we entered upon Lord Breadalbane's plantations. There is a little romantic—that is to say novelish or fantastic cottage by the road side, with windows in humble imitation of casements—but casements are so utterly unknown in Scotland that the panes are fixed in wooden frames. A small island near the foot of the lake, with some fine trees upon it, and not too many. Upon this island, Sibylla, wife of Alexander I., and daughter of William the Conqueror, was buried in a priory founded by her husband, as a dependence upon the monastery at Scone. It must have been a very small priory—perhaps merely a *Kill* or cell—such as the *Ermidas* of Spain and Portugal.

Taymouth is improperly named—that word would rather appear to designate the place where the river enters the sea, than where it issues from the lake. The inn there was so full that we were turned-in into a servant's apartment, with no one comfort about it. Mr Telford and I had the good luck to be billetted upon a private house opposite, where in a neat double-bedded room we escaped the noises which disturbed the rest of the party during great part of the night. The mistress of the house and her daughter, both pleasing

and sensible women, received us in the parlour, while the room was being made ready. Enquiring of the mother, if there was no place of worship between Taymouth and Killin, for we had seen no kirk, she told me there was a missionary settled there, appointed by the Society, with a salary of sixty pounds, and some glebe, which he let. The Highlanders, she said, were very desirous of religious instruction, and what few books they had were religious ones: they never troubled themselves about politics. Her own story, which we afterwards learnt from the waiter, is a mournful one. Her husband was an Englishman, by name Kennedy, employed in managing Lord Breadalbane's estates. His Lordship turned him off from some suspicion (I apprehend an unjust one) of ill conduct; and this affected him so much that he died of a broken heart on the way to England. The widow being of this country turned back, purchased a shop of her brother which he was carrying on unsuccessfully, and is going on with it well herself: but she has lately lost one of her daughters. She is still a handsome woman.

Monday, August 23.—7 to Aberfeldy. The road commands fine views of Lord Breadal-

bane's house and park, and of the fine valley of the Tay. Aberfeldy is a place which might properly be called Aberfilthy, for marvellously foul it is. You enter thro' a beggarly street, and arrive at a dirty inn. A sort of square, or market place has been lately built, so that mean as the village or townlet is, it seems to be thriving. The Burn of Moness passes thro' the place, and falls into the Tay near it; there are some falls upon this burn, which when the streams are full should be among the *videnda* of this part of the country. Near Aberfeldy is a bridge over the Tay, built by General Wade; but creditable neither to the skill nor taste of the architect. It resembles that at Blenheim, the middle arch being made the principal feature. At a distance it looks well, but makes a wretched appearance upon close inspection. There are four unmeaning obelisks upon the central arch, and the parapet is so high that you cannot see over it. The foundations also are very insecure,—for we went into the bed of the river and examined them.

16½ to Dunkeld, the Tay still on our left; the Garry joins it with an equal, or perhaps a larger stream, bringing all the waters from the north side of the Lion Mountains. Past a

small druidical circle on our right. As we approached Dunkeld we went thro' the Duke of Athol's plantations, some of the most extensive in the island ; indeed I know not if there be any which equal them. He has covered hills which are 1200 feet above the level of the sea, and which are so inaccessible in parts, that Mr Telford once asked him if he had scattered the cones there by firing them from cannon. He smiled at the question, being pleased that the difficulty of the enterprize had been thus justly estimated, and he replied that in many places they had been set by boys who were let down from above by ropes.

The approach to Dunkeld from this side is peculiarly fine. The cathedral, which tho' grievously injured, has escaped with less injury than many others from the brutality of the Calvinistic reformers, is most happily placed with the river in front, and some noble woods on a rising ground behind ; behind these woods is the King's seat, some 800 feet above the level of the surrounding country, covered with trees wherever the crags will permit them to grow. But the foreground of this incomparable picture, which would else be worthy of all the other parts, is deformed by a good comfortable house, built by the

Duke for some person connected with his family, and most unfortunately placed just in front of the Cathedral. The bridge is one of Telford's works, and one of the finest in Scotland. The Duke was at the expence, Government aiding him with 5000£. There are five arches, the dimensions of the five middle arches of Westminster Bridge; and besides these there are two upon the land. It was built on dry ground, formerly the bed of the river; for the Braan, which enters a little above the town, had brought down gravel enough to force the Tay out of its old channel. When the bridge was completed the original bed was cleared and made the channel again; by this means the building was carried on with greater ease, and at much less expence. The Braan continues to bring down wreck, and would again in like manner gradually force the stream out of its place, if it were not prevented, but a little care in keeping the channel clear will suffice. The Duke wishes to make a better entrance into the town from the bridge; but there is a stubborn blacksmith, whose shed stands just in the way, and who will not sell his *pen*, thus in a surly doggish spirit of independence impeding by his single opposition a very material improvement.

Part of the Cathedral was lately used as a Kirk, and disgracefully bad it was, as such kirks usually were wherever the Calvinists of this country burrowed in the ruins they had made. The Duke is now fitting it up at considerable expence, and in good taste—if we could forget that it is only in plaister work, and if we could forgive the defacement of four fine windows, being all which this inclosed part of the building includes: two of them are disfigured by galleries, one by the grand seat of the Athols, and one by the pulpit. The ruinous part of the edifice is fine, but there is a crack down the tower which ought to be repaired in time.

We walked for about two hours in the grounds, and saw there the first larches which were planted in Scotland; a Highlander, one of the Duke's people, brought them from London behind him on horse-back, knowing that his Laird would be pleased with such a present. They are of great height and girth; we measured one which was thirteen feet in circumference. There are no finer grounds than these in Great Britain; the rides and walks within them are so numerous and so extensive, that a person who went over the whole of them would perform a

journey of 80 or 90 miles. It is supposed that the Duke might cut down 3000£'s worth of wood every year, and that this might be done for ever. At the Porter's lodge we were desired to write our names, and particularly those of the ladies, because the Duchess wished to see them. I see by the book which was presented to us for that purpose that Wm. Heathcote and his friend Perceval were here on Saturday. I fear therefore he will miss me, and perhaps we may have past each other on the road.

Tuesday, August 24.—The stairs at our inn are of stone; but by a want of common sense almost incredible, the landing place which connects them is of wood. A Colonel Stewart enquired for me last night, and invited me to breakfast this morning at Mrs Grant's lodgings, but our departure was fixed for nine o'clock, and I like her well enough to regret this. Re-crost the bridge, and proceeded along the side of what formerly was Birnam Wood, of locomotive celebrity; it seems now to have taken its final departure. 15 to Perth, by a good road. Some one was praising it to the Duke of Athol at whose expence it was made, in presence of Neil

Gow, a performer on the violin, of some renown in these parts: Neil who was a person privileged to say anything, replied, "They may praise your braid roads that gains by 'em: for my part, when I'se gat a wee droppy at Perth, I'se just as lang again in getting hame by the new road as by the auld one." On such occasions he could manage to keep the road, but it was by a zig-zag course, tacking always from one side of it to the other. Much country on the way which has been newly brought into cultivation and is highly productive. Iron ploughs are common, and I saw for the first time an iron turnpike gate. I have seen more threshing machines in the course of this journey than in all my life before. A dirty dun colour seems to be the prevailing colour of the cattle here. The entrance into Perth is not favourable; it is however a good city. The Cathedral a poor building; the church of Flemish or Picard character, modern and good in its kind.

Here I went in search of Edward Collins, and was grieved to find that he had been summoned to England on account of his father's death. I saw his wife, her aunt Mrs Wood, and Dr Wood, a delightful old man, who gave me a most cordial greeting. I took

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some cold meat with them, and drank bottled small beer which was three years old. They have an excellent house, out of the town, and commanding a fine view of the river and bridge. Dr Wood set me at ease concerning one of the tumours on my head which has just begun to suppurate, having been there more than ten years without annoying me before. He says it will discharge itself, and recommends a poultice at night, and some simple ointment on a piece of lint by day. The former part of his advice it is impossible to follow while I am travelling. But I laid in lint and ointment, and must trust to Mr Telford's kindness to apply them: we are generally quartered in a double bedded room.

I have seldom seen an old man altogether so pleasing in manners and appearance as Dr Wood. He was at St Andrews with Dr Bell under Wilkie. Wilkie was a Pastor before he was made Professor at that University. His congregation thought him cold and inert in the pulpit and sent a deputation of elders to inform him of his deficiency and advise him to correct his faulty manner. "I know what you are come to say," said he; "my delivery is bad, I confess; and the reason is I cannot do two things at

once. But if you please I will deliver my discourse first, and thump the cushion afterwards as much as you like."

This visit prevented me from seeing more of Perth than the part which we passed thro'. The horse which fell upon our first day's journey had been sent back from Callander, as a stumbler, and the rider with him, who was stiff with the effect of his bruises. A horse and boy (worthy to have been preserved in a museum as a fine specimen of the genus tatterdemallion) were hired at Callander for this place, where according to appointment we found a man with one from Edinburgh to meet us. Soon after three in the afternoon we left Perth, and crossing the Tay by its fine bridge proceeded thro' the Carse of Gowrie, 22 miles, to Dundee. The morning stage had been thro' an uninteresting track, for upon leaving Dunkeld we receded from the picturesque country: the road now went thro' a widening vale, evidently alluvial, the land all in open cultivation of the best kind and now in the best season and happiest state. The fields were full of reapers, and in many parts the corn was already carried. They make their ricks small, so that there are sometimes fifty or

sixty round a farm-house. Each is built round a sort of small wooden spire, which serves as a chimney to give it vent and prevent it from heating and igniting. They are made of this size that a whole one may be carried in and threshed at once. The rooks were busy in the fields, one or two upon every shock, paying themselves for their good service in clearing the land of grubs. The general face of the Carse resembles Picardy. The horses rested three quarters of an hour at Inchture, and we walked forward the while. This gave us an opportunity of examining one of the weighing machines at the turnpikes; they are above ground in Scotland and their cost is from ten to fifteen guineas. Lord Kinnaird's seat on the left.[1] Castle Lion,[2] a fine old place of Lord Strathmore's, on the right. We came now in sight of the river once more, which had wound far to the South under the Ochil mountains. I guessed the breadth of the firth (for such it had become) at from two to three miles. The evening had been darkening, and a few drops of rain fell: the appearance of the sky indicated thunder; the outsiders got in, we were packed in and

[1] Rossie Priory. [2] Castle Lyon, now Castle Huntly.

closed up in less than three minutes, just in time to escape a heavy rain, and we arrived at Dundee just as the daylight failed.

Wednesday, August 25.—Before breakfast I went with Mr T. to the harbour, to look at his works, which are of great magnitude and importance—a huge floating dock, and the finest graving dock I ever saw. The town expends 70,000£ upon these improvements, which will be compleated in another year. What they take from the excavations serves to raise ground which was formerly covered by the tide, but will now be of the greatest value for wharfs, yards, &c. They proposed to build fifteen piers, but T. assured them that three would be sufficient; and in telling me this he said the creation of fifteen new Scotch Peers was too strong a measure.

The bellman as we returned was crying that something, we could not make out what, was to be sold *perceesly* at half past eight. Some women asked the price; he told them to go and buy some, and they would see; and looking at us with a smile as he passed on, said, "What's the price to me?" Bought a statistical account of Dundee, 1792, by Robert Small, D.D.—a sensible, satisfactory

account. And upon looking round the bookseller's shop I fell upon a volume which may probably prove an useful edition to my Methodistic Collections,—to wit, *The Experience and Gospel Labours of Benjamin Abbott*, an American. I cannot get the Memorabilia of Perth. See the folly of omitting to do, what you intend doing, at the right time and place. Being too much occupied at Perth with my visit at Dr Woods, and my poor pericranium, I relied upon getting this book at Dundee.

Telford's is a happy life: everywhere making roads, building bridges, forming canals, and creating harbours—works of sure, solid, permanent utility; everywhere employing a great number of persons, selecting the most meritorious, and putting them forward in the world, in his own way. The plan upon which he proceeds in road-making is this: first to level and drain; then, like the Romans, to lay a solid pavement of large stones, the round or broad end downwards, as close as they can be set; the points are then broken off, and a layer of stones broken to about the size of walnuts, laid over them, so that the whole are bound together; over all a little gravel if it be at hand, but this is not essential.

Over all the Apothecaries' doors Laboratory is written. It happened that R. had occasion to purchase an oil-cloth for covering the great trunk, and we then found that the person who sells oils and colours is called an Apothecary. The Cathedral, which is the oldest in Scotland, is an extraordinary mass of buildings of all ages; the tower, which is the oldest part, being connected by a modern interpolation to a portion of intermediate date or dates. This remarkable pile contains no fewer than five places of worship. We went into two of them. The pews in both were placed without any apparent order as thick as they could be; nor could we have found our way among them (there being nothing like aisles) if our Cicerone had not lifted up seats and opened doors to give us a passage. The congregation must either observe an extraordinary and almost impossible regularity in taking their seats, or they must be subject to very great inconvenience before they can all get packed up for the service. From the one of these kirks we got into the other; and between both is a sort of vestry, upstairs, with some bookcases round it, but all with closed doors. The man said that all the books were two hundred years old, and that they were chiefly

English and Latin, with some Hebrew. The closets might contain from 3 to 400 folios.

A fellow in the streets with a bell in his hand was tempting children to gamble for a sort of lollipop: strange that this should be suffered in Scotland. *New Pye Office* over a door: upon enquiry some person sold pastry there. What a grandiloquous people!

Having seen more booksellers' shops during our walk, I obtained in one of them (the best in the town) the Memorabilia, and requiring change for a one pound B. of England bill, was desired to write my name upon it. Upon seeing it the Bibliopole asked if I was the P.L.,[1] and the question being answered to his wish he called to his wife, a pleasing woman, some 35 years old. So we presently got into conversation. I enquired concerning the Glassites, and their rule of marrying early, which Dr Small in his account of this town states to be an indispensable law of the Society, and which he commends as not only tending to the great increase of population, but as of the utmost consequence in promoting early industry. The bookseller and his wife (and they were both sensible persons) agreed in opposition to this opinion, that to

[1] Southey was appointed Poet Laureate in 1813.

their own certain knowledge the custom was, in many cases, injurious. If one of the flock has no predilection when of marriageable years, the Elders take upon themselves to recommend a partner, and both parties frequently have to repent of an union thus made. The Glassites are rather numerous in Dundee. If one of their body becomes bankrupt, they examine his books and expel him, if there be any evidence of misconduct, or of culpable indiscretion. My informants thought their chief error was that of admitting ignorant preachers, and to the same fault they ascribed the little success of Methodism in Scotland.

Garden ground lets here at from 10 to 14£ per acre, and Dundee is said to be better supplied with vegetables than any other town in Scotland. Indeed this part of the country is so flourishing that, two years ago, the Town Clerk assured Mr Telford, the agriculturists had half a million of surplus capital in the Bank of Dundee.

We dined here, T. having business with the Provost and other persons touching his great operations—which took up the whole morning. They would fain have given him a dinner, but this would have consumed the remainder of the day, and time was precious. They dress

herrings here without roe or milt, throwing both away. The port wine at the Scotch inns has always been good, wherever we have tasted it; and we are told that it is so everywhere. The tumbler glasses here are so thick that it is unpleasant to drink out of them. At half after four we set off for Abroath, to which less inconvenient word it seems Aberbrothock has been cut down. A good many persons were assembled to see us depart. I suspect it had got abroad from the bookseller that my Poetship was to be seen, and therefore was not sorry when the coach was in motion and we bade adieu to "bonny Dundee."

A good view of the town as we looked back. The atmosphere being very clear, after last night's rain, St Andrews was visible across the water at a great distance. The stage is 17 miles, thro' a highly cultivated country the whole way. Large fields and a beautiful harvest, such as to make the heart glad while we looked at it. In many places a poisonous stench from the flax which seems to be extensively cultivated here, linen being the staple manufacture of Dundee. Many neat cottages and houses of a better description, but as usual filthy women with their hair in papers. The most remarkable object on the

road is Craigie House, an old, fortified dwelling, with round towers and square roofs upon them. The latter part of our way was near the beach.

We had just daylight enough left for seeing the Abbey, which must have been a magnificent building, before the beastly multitude destroyed it—its area serves now as the burial place for the town. A building more compleatly ruined I never saw; the remains however are kept with some care, being under the charge of the Commissioners for Northern Lights—that is to say, sea-beacons; one of the towers is a sea-mark, and on that account has lately been repaired. It was at the sight of these ruins that John Wesley exclaimed, "God deliver us from reforming mobs!"

The Inchcape or Bell Rock Light House (on Sir Ralph the Rover's rock) is visible from the town, two revolving lights, one very bright, the other less so, being red; they are about three minutes in revolving. The town is very neat and apparently very flourishing: the streets flagged, which they are not at Dundee, to the disgrace of that city, where they have good quarries close at hand. Several booksellers' shops, which indeed seem

to be much more numerous in Scotch than in English towns. And here at Arbroath I saw more prostitutes walking the streets than would I think have been seen in any English town of no greater extent or population.

Thursday, August 26.—Started at 7. 12¾ to Montrose. Castles were very numerous along this coast in the miserable times of old —some perhaps built as strongholds for pirates, others for protection against them, and probably serving for either purpose, on occasion. We saw Castle Red upon this stage. Two or three pigeon houses in the fields of singular construction—slender but not narrow buildings, with a shelving roof in front, and a straight wall on the back from the summit of the roof—the whole being like the section of a house cut in half, from the ridge of the roof. Laburnums are common thus far North, and seem to flourish in the hedges and plantations. Still the same well-husbanded country, and the same abundant harvest: still a great proportion of women in the fields, and the female peasantry, and the women of the lower orders in the towns, as usual filthy, bare-footed, and with Medusa papers in their hair. Montrose is a better

town than Arbroath, the main street broad enough to deserve the name of a *plaza*. They are building a townhouse there. Several booksellers here, as usual. I bought a pamphlett about Joanna Southcote, and Erskine's *Gospel Sonnets*, which often as I have seen them mentioned, had never before fallen in my way. This was the 40th edition. Marvellous that such a book, devoid as it is of any attraction, except what its subject affords to minds in a certain state of feeling, and of ignorance, should have become so popular! A weekly newspaper of the most incendiary kind is printed at Montrose; in the one which I took up Ferdinand is accused, by the plainest inuendo, of having murdered his wife. A coarse print of the battle of Culloden in the passage of the Inn.

Twelve miles to Bervie, still along the coast, or at little distance from it. Johnnie's Haven, a small fishing place, on our right. Crost the North Esk (which separates Forfarshire from Kincardineshire) by a handsome bridge. The stench of the flax is abominable in these parts, so bad indeed that the odour from fields manured with putrid fish-offal, seemed tolerable in comparison. Near Guerden, or Bervie, harbour, which is about a

mile and half on this side of the town, we met Mr Mitchell and Mr Gibb, two of Mr Telford's aid-de-camps, who were come thus far to meet him. The former he calls his Tartar, from his cast of countenance which is very much like a Tartar's, and from his Tartar-like mode of life, for in his office of Overseer of the Roads which are under the management of the Commissioners, he travels on horseback not less than 6000 miles a year. Mr Telford found him in the situation of a working mason, who could scarcely write or read; but noticing him for his good conduct, his activity, and his firm steady character he has brought him forward, and Mitchell now holds a post of respectability and importance, and performs his business with excellent ability. We left the coach and descended with them to the harbour, the first of the Parliamentary works in this direction. It is a small pier, which at the cost of something less than 2000£ will secure this little, wild, dangerous, but not unimportant port—not unimportant, because coal and lime are landed here from Sunderland, and corn shipped, much being raised in the adjoining country. Mr Gibb has the management of the work. The pier will be finished in about two months,

and will shelter four vessels. The basin has been deepened. It was highly gratifying to see machinery employed here for the best possible purpose, facilitating human labour and multiplying the strength of man an hundredfold. The stones are lifted by a crane, with strong iron cramps or pinchers; and an iron rail-road is in use, which is carried from pier to pier, wherever it is wanted. They use pudding-stone being the nearest material; of all stone it is the worst for working, but it is hard and durable, and when in its place will do as well as if it were granite or marble. Mr Farquhar, the Lord of the soil, who has made about 150,000£ as a Civilian, advances that half the cost which Government requires as the condition of its aid with the other. Without national aid the work would not have been undertaken, tho' in such a place and country it is the first step towards improvement. There is a poor village at the harbour, under the hill; a small fountain has been erected there by contribution; it is supplied with water thro' a pipe which is fixed in the side of the hill. Here is a great demand for labourers, occasioned by the works of a similar kind which are carried on every where upon this coast, from Dundee

northwards, and hands are now particularly required, because the harvest has come on so fast. Bervie is an ugly town; larger, but not much better than the assemblage of poor houses at the harbour. The inn stands apart from the town, and is very comfortable. We were tempted by the appearance of the dinner which was set before the children, and sitting down to it ourselves, we dined suddenly.

The shore on this part of the coast is rocky, and black with sea-weeds. These weeds are sometimes used for manure; but after a while they are supposed rather to injure the land than to benefit it. I do not understand how. They must contain salt and gelatinous matter; and it seems very unlikely that there can be anything injurious to vegetation in the residuum. The land is curiously cut into ravines, or glens, by numerous small rivulets, none of which collect so as to form a river. Some of them are deep enough to have a romantic character. Bervie stands at the mouth of the widest of these, called Glenbervie; from whence Sylvester Douglas takes his title. Hard by the inn is a fine bridge across the glen, apparently about sixty feet in height. Allardice, one

of Colonel Barclay's houses, is in sight. One of his Quaker kinsmen once said to this curious personage, "Thy ancestor, Robert, was remarkable for his head; and thou art remarkable for thy heels." 10 miles to Stonehaven—a little, and but little, waste country on the way. Passed near Dunottar, one of the sea castles, a very extensive ruin. To this very ancient, and formerly almost impregnable, place, the regalia of Scotland used to be sent for security in times of war with England. What a blessing that such places are only ruins, and how different is the feeling which such ruins excite from that which depresses the heart at Aberbrothock, Melrose, and Glastonbury! A long and striking descent upon the smoky town of Stonehaven, with the sea on one side. A fine rocky point to the N. protects the bay from that quarter. The harbour is secured by a small pier, large enough for the place. The Inn is on the skirts of the town, as we approached it. Mr Loch, the Marquis of Stafford's agent, left it just after our arrival, travelling south. He is at present exposed to much unpopularity and censure for the system which he is pursuing.[1] Without

[1] Evictions in Sutherland.

knowing the merits of the case, his appearance would prepossess me in his favour. We are in an apartment, not less than 26 feet by 20, very neatly furnished.

Friday, August 27.—At tea last night, and at breakfast this morning we had Findon haddocks, which Mr Telford would not allow us to taste at Dundee, nor till we reached Stonehaven, lest this boasted dainty of Aberdeen should be disparaged by a bad specimen. The fish is very slightly salted, and as slightly smoked by a peat fire, after which the sooner they are eaten the better. They are said to be in the market (for the most part) twelve hours after they have been caught, and longer than twenty four they ought not to be kept. They are broiled, or toasted, I know not which; and are as good as any fish of little flavour can be when thus cured. The haddocks of this coast are smaller than those which are brought to London, or to Dublin, and better; but at the best it is a poor fish, a little less insipid than cod.

15 to Aberdeen. We set out in one of those mists which had a right to wet R. and myself, as Englishmen, to the skin; so we were all packed in the inside, and the

landau was closed. The country still in the same manner intersected by coombes or ravines. As we advanced both the soil and the cultivation worsened. Instead of fields there were peat-mosses, and these were succeeded by wastes where poor heather grew among the stones. Yet even in this unpromising land great improvements are going on. The owners of the soil encourage settlers by giving them a few pounds wherewith to erect a hut, and letting them the land for ten years rent free. The tenants then clear away the stones (no inconsiderable labour) and form with them a rude wall round the piece which they have thus brought into a state fit for cultivation. In many places we saw fair crops growing in inclosures of this kind, when on the other side the wall all was waste. Thus in a few years this whole tract will be reclaimed. I am surprized to see how well trees will grow upon this coast, very near the sea—how much better than in the neighbourhood of Liverpool.

R. and T. consigning us at Aberdeen to the good offices of Mr Gibb, and Mr Haddon the Provost, set off with Mitchell to inspect a road and some bridges about 30 miles to the west. Bought a history of Aberdeen by

Walter Thom in two volumes. After dinner Mr Gibb (who superintended the improvements in the harbour here) called, and walked with us to the Marischals College. The tower is remarkable for a flat roof, raised to serve as an observatory, till it is brought to a level with the top of the three chimnies of the building, which rise side by side, close to the tower. We then went along a poor part of the city, and a road which was neither thro' town nor country, but a dirty mixture of both—as far as the Old Town. The King's College is a curious building—that part of it which contains the Chapel and Library. The tower is low, and has a fine specimen of the Scottish Crown resembling that at Newcastle, but (if I may trust my recollection at ten years' distance) suiting the building better. Farther on is part of the Old Cathedral, perhaps a third of the original edifice, in good condition. This also is a singular pile, and unlike any which I can call to mind. It has two low spires over the west end; and a square window divided by slender stone pillars into a great many long and narrow slips. We did not go into any of these buildings waiting for R.'s return; he who is a good companion at all times,

being especially so in such places because of his antiquarian knowledge.

Old Aberdeen is about a mile from the New City. It has something of a collegiate character—an air of quietness and permanence —of old times; long walls well built in former days; a few old trees, and houses standing seperately, each in its garden. Gibbs states its population at 1500; that of the New City is 40,000. Here all is life, bustle, business and improvement, for in outward and visible improvement this place may almost be said to keep pace with Edinburgh. Union Street, where our hotel stands, is new, and many houses are still building — the appearance is very good, because they have the finest granite close at hand. But the Town-Council has become bankrupt thro' these improvements: for having to purchase and demolish old houses to make room for the new streets they let pass the opportunity of disposing of the ground to advantage, asking too much for it, when the spirit of enterprize was on the alert. But they had borrowed money to make the purchase, and the interest of this debt ran on, while the ground was lying unproductive. Of late since mercantile

adventures have proved so hazardous, monied men have thought it safer to embark their property in building; and thus the number of houses which are here in progress, becomes, like the late high price of stocks, a fallacious measure of the general prosperity. The capital however is well employed for the public and for the town, whatever it may be for the owners.

Saturday, August 28.—Having for a time lost my kind surgeon, I went into the nearest apothecary's to have my volcano drest. A good looking man performed, but told me withal that his brother who was of the medical profession would be within the next morning—that is this day. Mr Telford had told me a story of an Englishman who broke his leg in the Highlands, and the two Highlanders who were carrying him to the nearest town laid him down by the way, and bargained for the reward of their services, one of them saying to the other in Gaelic, which was understood by the poor stranger's servant, "We must ask enough, for it is not every day that an Englishman comes here and breaks a leg!" The medical brother reminded me a little of this anecdote. He

prest much of the sebaceous substance out of the tumour, talked of enlarging the orifice, of the danger of inflammation communicating to the dura mater and so on; of lying by for three days and he affirmed that the contents could not be carried off by suppuration because there could be no suppuration where there was no vitality. I have very often wished myself wholly ignorant of anatomy and nosology, having repeatedly felt that a smattering in these things serves only to disquiet us, both for ourselves and others, with apprehensions generally ill-founded, but specious. In this case however I knew enough to perceive that this man was presuming upon my ignorance, and endeavouring to deceive me by a mixture of nonsense and falsehood, for the tumour was actually in a state of suppuration, and Dr Wood had told me it was in a fair way of being thus discharged. When Mr Gibb called upon me, therefore, I requested that he would take me to the best surgeon in the town. This was a Mr Kerr, who had formerly been attached to the army, and whom we found reading Aristotle in Greek. He assured me there was no cause for uneasiness, and no reason why I should return home; and he advised

me to continue the simple dressing, and merely put a plug of lint in the cavity, to quicken the discharge. I gave a fee for this opinion with great satisfaction, and was relieved from no inconsiderable anxiety.

Mr Gibb brought me two catalogues. From the one I purchased Johnstone's *Antiquitates Celto - Scandicæ,* and *Celto-Normannicæ;* from the other Paradin's *Cronique de Savoye,* and a French book about Dreams, at which I just glanced enough to see that it contains some impudent and original quackery. It's title is *L'Art de se rendre heureux par les Songes, c'est a dire, en se procurant telle espece de Songes que l'on puisse desirer conformement a ses inclinations.* Francfort and Leipsic, 1746, 12mo. Brown, the chief bookseller in the place, caught my name and offered his services with much civility. I enquired for Beattie's monument, feeling toward the author of *The Minstrel* as some of the poets in the next generation may feel concerning me. He lies beside his two sons, in the churchyard of the double Church, which is called the Town's, or the East and West Churches. I copied the epitaphs of this interesting family. That of the elder son is first in order of time: "Jacobo Hay

Beattie, Jacobi F. | Philos. in Acad. Marischal Professori Adolescenti. | Eâ Modestiâ | Eâ Suavitate Morum, | Eâ benevolentiâ erga omnes, | Eâ erga Deum pietate, | Ut humanum nihil supra : | In bonis literis, | In theologiâ, | In omni philosophiâ Exercitattissimo : | Poetæ insuper, Rebus in levioribus faceto | In grandioribus sublimi. | Qui placidam animam efflavit | XIX Novemb. 1790. | Annos habens 22, diesque 13. | Pater moereus H. M. P." | The epitaph of his only brother follows on the same stone : " Montagu Beattie, | Jacobi Hay Beattie frater. | Ejusque virtutum et studiorum | Emulus, | Sepulchrique consors. | Variarum peritus artium, | Pingendi imprimis. | Natus 8 Julii, 1778. | Multum defletus obiit | Decimo quarto Martii, 1796." | The Father, who never recovered the loss of these his only and hopeful children, lies beside them, under a stone of the same full-length, thus inscribed : " Memoriæ Sacrum | Jacobi Beattie L.L.D. | Ethices | In Academiâ Marescallanâ hujus urbis | Per XLIII annos | Professoris Meritissimi, | Viri | Pietate, Probitate, Ingenio atque Doctrinâ | Præstantis | Scriptoris Elegantissimi, Poeate[1] Suavissimi, | Philosophi vere Christiani. | Natus est V Nov. Anno 1735. | Obiit 18 Aug.

[1] *Sic.*

1803 | Omnibus Liberis Orbus. | Quorum natu maximus Jacobus Hay Beattie, | Vel a pueril-ibus annis, | Patrio vigens ingenio, | Novumque decus jam addens paterno, | Suis carissimus, patriæ flebilis, | Lentâ tabe consumptus periit | Anno ætatis 23. | Geo. et Mar. Glennie | H. M. P."

One of these twin Kirks is heated by steam, which is conveyed under the aisles, plates of perforated iron being laid along the middle of them. The cost of the whole apparatus was not less than 3000£—surely a most pre-posterous sum to have been so expended. In the broad part of Union Street, or what a Spaniard might call the Plaza, is a fine old cross, villainously defaced by being closed up below, and divided into a number of paltry stalls. This is the more extraordinary, because the Corporation have been desirous to keep pace with Edinburgh in their improvements, and actually became bankrupt in consequence of the enormous expence to which they went in embellishing and benefitting the town.

When R. and T. returned from their inland expedition, we went to the harbour. The quay is very fine, and Telford has carried out the pier nine hundred feet beyond the point where Smeaton's work terminated. This

great work, which has cost 100,000£, protects the entrance from the whole force of the North Sea. Gibb had the superintendance of the work. A ship was entering under full sail—*The Prince of Waterloo*—she had been to America, had discharged her cargo at London, and we now saw her reach her own port in safety—a joyous and delightful sight. The Whalers are come in, and there is a strong odour of train oil, which would rejoice the heart of a Greenlander, and really even to us it was perfume after the flax. On board one of these ships I noticed some jaw bones of the fish, hung up by the small end: they were bored at the base, and buckets fastened to them, into which an oil dropped slowly from the bone, finer than any that is extracted from the body of the whale; and for this it is that these jaw bones are brought home. I have observed that they are much more perishable than the bones of any land animal, and seem not to endure longer in the open air than a piece of wood, but this may be because they have been drained of their oil. The experiment of filtering oil thro' sand has been tried here; with success as to refining the oil, but the process is too slow. The harbour dues of this year will exceed 8000£.

Coal and lime are brought to this country from Sunderland, and the lime is carried many miles inland for dressing the land. R. met thirty carts in succession, laden with it. The Cryer here summons the people not by bell, but by beat of drum. I saw a beggar in the street reading his bible. At the Inn they cut off the crust of the loaf, and make their bread and butter with only the soft part of the bread—a bad practise; showing that they know not what good bread and butter is. Melted butter seems not to be used with vegetables—or what in honest old English used to be called garden-stuff; at least we have never seen it. But garden-stuff itself is of late introduction into Scotland, tho' the Scotch now exceed us as gardeners: Wesley says that when he was first in that country, they had only one sort of flesh-meat even at a nobleman's table, and no vegetables of any kind. So rapidly have the people here improved in their comforts, and way of life. The Findon haddocks are regularly brought at breakfast and at tea. They have little glass decanters for whiskey of all sizes, down to a gill. Whence they get their word mutchkin I do not know: the choppin is a measure used formerly, and perhaps still at Dijon

(*chopine*) and perhaps throughout Burgundy. The sash windows have generally two brass handles at bottom for lifting them by.

A new Episcopal Church, with a rich Gothic front, is a great ornament to this city. Opposite they are erecting a school for surgery, which will also be a handsome building, of the fine granite which this neighbourhood supplies. The Scotch regard architectural beauty in their private houses, as well as in their public edifices much more than we do; partly perhaps because their materials are so much better. For as for making fine buildings with brick, you might as easily make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Sunday, 29th August.—T. went off early with Gibb and Mitchell for Peterhead, to join us at Banff tomorrow. Walked with R. to the Old Town. The tower at King's College is better than that at Edinburgh, because the Scotch Crown is made the crest of the open work, instead of forming the open work itself. R. noticed in the spires of the Cathedral a peculiarity which had escaped my failing sight—an imitation of pent-house windows, such as are in the high roofs of Flemish buildings. We proceeded to the fine old

bridge over the Don; it is well placed, having rocky abutments on both sides. You look up the river between high*ish* and wooded banks, down it to the sea, which is within half a mile. Mr Forbes has a house and grounds a little way up, which might be made very beautiful, if the owner regarded anything more than money; but he lets the land, up to his very windows. Large fish were very active in the river, above the bridge: by the splash which they made I supposed them to be salmon.

Left Aberdeen at four in the afternoon, for Old Meldrum, a place 18 miles distant, whither we had written to secure beds. For six miles the road lies by the Inverary[1] Canal; it then crosses it, and the Don soon after by a wooden-bridge. The canal is a losing concern to the subscribers; and Mr Haddon complains that it draws off the water from the Don, to the hurt of his mills; he is a great manufacturer, employing 3000 persons! It is however a great benefit to the country, and no small ornament to it, with its clear water, its banks which are now clothed with weedery, and its numerous locks and bridges, all picturesque objects and pleasing, where

[1] Inverurie.

you find little else to look at. Much waste land after we crossed the river, but still some cultivated fields. Old Meldrum is a small village, or townlet, consisting chiefly of a plaza in which there is a town-house. The Inn is comfortable—more so than if there were more pretensions about it. We had a fire for the first time on our journey—the material was peat. It was well that beds had been bespoken; two persons would have passed the night here, unless we had thus pre-engaged the quarters; and then it would have been difficult to have housed us. The tea kettle had a stand, as if for a lamp, but it contained a heater.

Monday, August 30.—My bed room was as small as a ship's cabin; and a small jug, the same which held my poor Scotch allowance of water, was placed under the sash window to prop it up. A clock which chimed with eight sweet bells at every quarter was inconveniently near the door, and I heard every hour. A good breakfast as usual in Scotland, with Findon haddocks, eggs, sweetmeats (preserved blackcurrants formed one) and honey. $16\frac{1}{2}$ to Turreff—a good deal of waste land at first, but with marks of improvement.

In the cultivated parts there is a naked and bleak appearance for want of hedges. The people of Aberdeenshire when they inclose from a waste, generally use the stones which they take out of the ground, to wall it in with; and they seem so accustomed to this, that where they have no stones for building a fence, they do not think of forming one of any other kind, or with any other materials. Hence two inconveniences: the cattle must always be watched; and there is no shelter for the grain, greatly as shelter must be wanted. Left Fyvie Castle on the right, a large building and not unpicturesque, belonging to General Gordon. The houses here, as R. well observed, mark the improving state of this part of the country, the old ones not being so good as the state of agriculture might seem to deserve, the new ones being better than the grounds about them. One house was neatly and well thatched with ling, with a coping of mortar. Yesterday I noticed one which had a line of tiles along the eaves, under the thatch, to carry off the water. Turreff stands prettily on a hill-side, and forms a pleasing picture in such a country, with a small stream at the bottom, a bridge and some bleaching grounds. The country

round is broken in such a manner that ornamental culture might make it very beautiful. The town or village itself more straggling than Old Meldrum, but larger: it has one kirk in ruins, the one which is in use stands in a kitchen garden. The best house in the place is a Lawyer's—proof how the profession flourishes in Scotland. Watchmakers as well as booksellers seem much more numerous than in England; there are three in this little place,

Banff 10½, over the same kind of open country, everywhere inoculated with cultivation. The road-menders here have not profited by the example which has been set them in the West and North. Large heaps of large stones are lying in the middle of the way, and when they break them and lay them on, it is so rudely that no carriage which can avoid it will go over them. In some places they are actually cutting sods and earth from the sides, and laying them on the middle; to make mire in the wet season, and dust when it is dry. The approach to Banff is fine, by the Earl of Fife's grounds, where the trees are surprizingly fine considering how near they grow to the North Sea; Duff House, a square, odd

and not unhandsome pile, built by Adams (one of the Adelphi) some forty years ago; a good bridge of seven arches by Smeaton; the open sea, not as we had hitherto seen it, grey under a sunless sky, but bright and blue in the sunshine; Banff on the left of the bay; the river Deveran almost lost amid banks of gravel where it enters the sea; a white and tolerably high shore trending Eastward, a Kirk there with a spire which serves for a sea-mark, and on the point, about a mile or mile and half to the E., the town of Macduff.

Here we rejoined Mr Telford, Mitchell and Gibb, and went with them to the pier, which is about half-finished, and on which 15,000£ will be expended to the great benefit of this clean, cheerful, active town. Lord Fife has begun a similar work at his town of Macduff, the cost has been estimated at 5000£, but is likely greatly to exceed that sum. The pier was a busy scene—hand-carts going to and fro on the rail-roads, cranes at work charging and discharging huge stones, plenty of workmen, and fine masses of red granite from the Peterhead quarries. The quay was almost covered with barrels of herrings, and women employed in

salting and packing them. They were using much more salt than was necessary, and it was mortifying to learn that this is done because they are allowed an exemption from the duty on salt. The barrels are sold by weight, and the more salt the worse for the fish, but the better for the seller. It seems that this exemption which is so well intended, and at first appears so just and unexceptionable, gives occasion to great frauds, smuggling, and evil in many ways.

Except where the odour of herrings prevailed (which is no bad odour), Banff is a clean, fresh town, open to the sea breezes and the country air. Mr Gibb took us to Duff House in the evening; the building is disfigured in a most extraordinary manner by a miserable white washed hovel, with a roof of red tiles, actually built on to it at one corner! There are many pictures which we had not light to see; I noticed however a portrait of Ballasteros, and one of Sir John Downie, in attitude chosen by himself no doubt, and truly Sir John Downieish. Lord Fife has also brought home from his campaigns some good Spanish books. The library is at the top of the house, and commands a fine view of the Bridge and the Sea.

Tuesday, August 31.—Started at six. 14 miles to Cullen. About thirty fishing vessels were in sight as we ascended the hill from Banff. Past thro' Portsoy, at about the half-way; a neat, thriving little place, where a good proportion of the houses have gardens, and several are prettily clothed with creepers, or fruit trees. At one house there was this notice, "Minerals collected and polished here." The Landlord at Banff, a man of good countenance and manners, had told us we should see a fine country on our way; it was however very uninteresting till we got beyond Portsoy, and entered upon the territories of Colonel Grant, the head in possession of that family, Lord Seafield being insane. Of this family it is related, that the chief of some other clan having had a dispute with its head concerning the antiquity of their respective houses, sent a note to him on the following morning, saying that upon farther enquiry he was obliged to concede the point and acknowledge that his rival's race had existed before the Deluge, a degree of antiquity beyond anything to which he could pretend. In proof of this he referred him to his own family bible, Genesis, Chapt. 6, verse 4. By altering the letter *i* to an *r*

he had made the text run thus — "There were *Grants* upon the earth in those days." The Giant's territories were in better cultivation than the track which we had past, and besides extensive plantations of fir upon the hills, there were oaks and other trees in the valley. Few small birds in this country for want of shelter. When we saw a magpye this morning, we wondered where it could have built its nest, till the wood upon the Giant's land explained its appearance. Still a want of hedges, and those which have been set are neglected. Some miserable fences of sod-wall, in every respect the worst that could have been erected. We noticed one gate, the only one except at turnpikes, which we had seen for many many miles; it stood where an inclosure was intended, as if in surety for a hedge which is to be. The entrance to the Giant's house and grounds is by the village or burgh of Cullen, from which place after a magnificent breakfast (fresh herrings of the finest kind being added here to the usual abundance of good things) we walked about a mile to the port.

The works here, of which the whole expence will be about 4000£, are in such forwardness that the pier at this time affords

shelter: and when I stood upon it at low water, seeing the tremendous rocks with which the whole shore is bristled, and the open sea to which it is exposed, it was with a proud feeling that I saw the first talents in the world employed by the British Government in works of such unostentatious, but great, immediate, palpable and permanent utility. Already the excellent effects are felt. The fishing vessels were just come in, having caught about 300 barrels of herrings during the night. All hands were busy. Some in clearing from the nets the fish which were caught by the gills; some in shovelling them with a long and broad wooden shovel into baskets; women walked more than knee deep into the water to take these baskets on their backs, while under sheds erected for a protection in hot weather, girls and women out of number were employed in ripping out the gills and entrails, some others in strewing salt over them, and others again in taking them from the troughs into which they were thrown after this operation, and packing them in barrels. Others were spreading the nets to dry; the nets are of a dark brown colour, dyed thus by a decoction of alder bark in which the thread is dipt to preserve it. Air

and ocean also were alive with flocks of sea fowl, dipping every minute for their share in the herring fishery. The barrels sold last year for 29 or 30s.; this year only for 25, I believe because more fish have been caught. It is only three or four years since they have attempted to take herrings off this coast, where they are of the best quality, and largest size, and in prodigious numbers. The season of the fishery lasts from eight to ten weeks. A heap of dog-fish were lying on the pier, the largest about two feet long, with a sort of dog-like head, and snake or lamprey-like body. The fishermen consider them as their natural enemies, because they tear the nets; they even hate them too much to eat them, and put them to death for vengeance. Some use however is made of their skins, which supply a kind of shagreen. The skins of young seals, stript off whole, and inflated like bladders, are used as buoys for the nets. The seal also is considered a public enemy, because he indulges in salmon. The herrings are chiefly sent to the West Indies, for the slaves, and to the Mediterranean. Bacalhao is preferred in the Lisbon market. They prepare none by drying.

A fishing village had already grown up on

the shore, for the white fishery, and thus there was a race of fishermen in existence upon the spot when the herrings were discovered. If the present spirit continues, the Dutch will soon be rivalled, and probably exceeded in this branch of industry. There are sometimes 300 vessels at once employed in the Moray firth. The Giant intends to remove Cullen from its present site to the coast; and if he carries this intention into effect, a town will speedily grow there. The removal will be much more convenient for the people, and it will give him room about his own mansion. This whole line of coast is in a state of rapid improvement, private enterprize and public spirit keeping pace with national encouragement, and it with them. Government is to blame for not making its good works better known. Of the Roads and Bridges I shall have to speak ere long. The money which it bestows upon harbours arises from the remainder of the rents of the forfeited estates; the whole of which rents (till the estates were restored) were designed to be appropriated to the improvement of Scotland. However much the money may have been misapplied during a long series of years, by those to whom it was entrusted, the

remainder could not have been better applied. Wherever a pier is wanted, if the people or the proprietor of the place will raise half the sum required, Government gives the other from this fund, as far as it will reach. Upon these terms 20,000£ are expending at Peterhead, and 14,000 at Frasersburg, and the works which we visited at Bervie and Banff, and many other such along this whole coast would not have been undertaken without this aid from Government; public liberality thus directed inducing individuals to tax themselves liberally, and expend with a good will much larger sums than could have been drawn from them by taxation. At Cullen we took leave of that obliging, good-natured, useful and skilful man, Mr Gibb.

12 to Fochabers. Here Mitchell's man met him with his gig, and brought letters from Inverness—among them was one for me from home, written on the 23—all well at that time, God be thanked. A hop-vine in one of the gardens here; far north as we are, the plant covered its pole and was flourishing. Walked into the Duke of Gordon's park, and looked at his great ugly house. There is a Zebu, a small, hump-backed Indian cow, in the park. Two fox-

brushes in the inn-room where we dined, a print of the late notorious Duchess of Gordon in her youth, and another taken toward the close of her life. The *Elegant Extracts* in three well-bound volumes were in the room. I believe that both in Ireland and Scotland the inns have generally a few books for the use of their guests, which is not common in England. The Duke lets the salmon fishery for 7000£ a year (a sum almost incredible) with a stipulation that he himself is to be supplied at sixpence per pound. But he has made no such stipulation for the people of the place; they can only obtain it as a favour and at the price of a shilling. This is a great injustice and vexation, growing out of a feudal right, in the origin of which no such wrong could possibly have been contemplated. They spoil this fish very commonly in Scotland by cutting it in slices fit for broiling, and boiling it in that form.

Near this little town is a bridge over the Spey, of five arches, the middle one 90 feet high. 8 miles to Elgin. Here the ruins of the Cathedral made me again, as at Arbroath, groan over the brutal spirit of mob-reformation. The area of the ruins is used for a cemetery; and round it is a series of private

burial places, walled seperately, and secured each with its door. There are graves also in the Chapter house, where the roof and the central pillar are entire. We went on the roof—one of the symptoms which I perceive in myself of declining life is that such places make me giddy, and I can no longer rely upon myself among crags and steep places as I used to do. The city has an ancient air, and an appearance of decay about it; but an old church and an old prison standing in the middle of a very broad street certainly ornament the place instead of disfiguring it, as some blockhead complains in a Traveller's guide. A bell rings here at eight o'clock, and an abominable drum is beaten at nine.

Wednesday, September 1.—The same drum at five; but both Mr T. and I had just awoke to the very minute appointed. All possible faults of bedmaking were exemplified to a nicety in my bed last night. The under sheet was spread over the bolster instead of being wrapt round it; the upper one too short, so that it scarcely turned over the blanket; the bed or mattrass (I know not which it ought to be called) hard, higher in the middle than at the sides, and sloping in an inclined plane to the

foot. Nevertheless I slept well; and I am now tolerably accustomed to the inconvenience of not being able to lie on the right side, because of my volcano. Leaving the Ladies and the children here, who were to proceed to Nairn without us, we started at six to see the bridges and roads in Strathspey, T. and M. in M.'s gig, R. and myself in another. The morning promised well. We entered upon a bad road and a dreary country, without cultivation or inhabitants, a mere waste of heath. After a few miles it improved; and the first habitations which we saw were an assemblage of cottages near a neat and comfortable house, belonging to some Laird, who has fine fields in cultivation round about him, and a fine wood in view, across the valley. Ere long we reached the village of Rothes, ten miles from Elgin. One long and high wall of the Castle is remaining; the rest has been destroyed for the sake of the stones; and the people had picked out so many from the bottom of the remaining part, in a manner more like Irish than Scotchmen, that buttresses have lately been built to prop it. From the eminence upon which it stands there is a good view of Rothes and the valley. The village seems to consist of three long streets toward

the different roads; all composed of new cottages, neatly built, of one floor each, side by side, and with a mournful uniformity such as immediately told you they had not risen in the natural course of happy and enterprizing industry, but had been built at once by the Lord of the soil, and planted as a colony. Were it not for this Paraguayan or Owen-ish sameness, the place would be chearful, standing in a pleasing country, and with marks of improvement on every side. Here also is a watchmaker; and I observed in some of the little shop-windows, as odd symptoms of civilization, "stamps sold here," "vinegar two-pence per gill," and bottles of "Asiatic Ink." The little inn was very comfortable, without any pretensions to finery; and there is in the garden, to borrow a clean word from France (a country which has little cleanliness to lend) that *Commodity* the want of which was formerly the reproach of Scotland, but is no longer so, for, except at Aberfeldy, I have found it at every place where we have stopt. An excellent breakfast, with broiled salmon from the Spey, butter both potted and fresh, honey, and preserved gooseberries.

It began to rain when we renewed our journey, but held up before we had advanced

two miles, when we came upon Craig-Elachie Bridge, one of Telford's works, and a noble work it is. The situation is very fine, under the crag from which it takes its name, and of which a great part, to the height perhaps of 100 feet has been cut away in making a road to it. That road brings the traveller by a short tour to the two short turrets at the entrance of the bridge: on this side they are merely ornamental, on the other their weight is necessary for the abutment. The bridge is of iron, beautifully light, in a situation where the utility of lightness is instantly perceived. The span is 150 feet, the rise 20 from the abutments, which are themselves 12 above the usual level of the stream. The only defect, and a sad one it is, is that the railing for the sake of paltry economy is of the meanest possible form, and therefore altogether out of character with the rest of the iron work, that being beautiful from its complexity and lightness. But this farthing-wisdom must now appear in everything that Government undertakes; and thus the appearance of this fine bridge has been sacrificed for the sake of a saving, quite pityful in such a work. Mr T. undertook to finish the bridge in twelvemonths: it was begun in June, and

opened in the October following. The iron-work was cast at Plas Kynaston, and brought by the canal over his great aqueduct at Pontey-Syllty. The whole cost of the bridge and approaches on each side was £8,200.

From thence we proceeded 12 miles up the valley of the Spey by a county road, tolerably good in comparison with ordinary roads, but ill laid-out and ill-made — the country of a highland-*ish* character on both sides the *strath*. Near Inveraron turnpike we turned aside to Ballindalloch (properly Ballnadallauch, "the town of the level vale,") the residence of Mr Macpherson Grant, member for Sutherlandshire. It is a Flemish-looking castle, with some appendages added about fifty years ago, and making altogether a good comfortable house. The last owner was General Grant, the person, if I mistake not, who lost the fairest opportunity of success offered during the whole American war. His successor is a sensible and agreable man—of six feet two. He shewed us a portrait of General Wade with a blue velvet robe over his breast-plate—and a wig! the countenance mild and pleasing, by no means deficient in intellect, but not indicating a strong mind.

We walked about his pleasant grounds while a luncheon was setting forth, which turned out to be dinner, for his accommodation and ours, as he was going that afternoon to Elgin that he might receive Prince Leopold there tomorrow. For the first time I tasted sheep's head broth, which is rather better than hodge-podge; the flavour of the burnt wool hardly differs from what might be given by burnt bread, and might be better obtained by burnt cheese. The head itself was a separate and ugly dish, which I did not taste, supposing it to be as bad as calves-head. We closed all with a bottle of claret, and took our leave at four, well pleased with our host, his family and his habitation. He is a very domestic and useful man; and has been the great promoter of the roads in this part of the country.

The Avon joins the Spey in his grounds, and Mr T. has saved from ruin a bridge over it, the span of which is 80 feet. From this bridge his road begins, and we followed it twelve miles to Grantown; but the first part had been begun by the county, and therefore that their cost and labour might not be expended in vain, he went over the hill to meet it, instead of keeping the course

of the valley. One of his rules is that the road be always defined, if it be only by a line of turf on either side where nothing more is needed; for this defining prevents any excuse if the road is not kept in order by the Contractors. Toward the hill there is a low stone line. If the hill be cut away, it is walled a few feet up, then sloped, and the slope turfed; if there be no slope, a shelf must be left, so that no rubbish may come down upon the road. The inclination is toward the hill. The water-courses are always under the road, and on the hill-side back drains are cut, which are conducted safely into the water-courses by walled descents, like those upon the Mount Cenis road, but of course upon a smaller scale. This road is as nearly perfect as possible. After the foundation has been laid, the workmen are charged to throw out every stone which is bigger than a hen's egg. Every precaution is taken to render the work permanent in all its parts. Thus where a beck coming down from the hills is bridged, the beck itself for some distance above the bridge is walled, to keep it within bounds; the foundations of the bridge are laid two feet below the bottom of the stream, and for farther

security, the bottom itself, under the arch, is secured by an inverted arch of stones without mortar.

It rained heavily and blew hard during the greater part of this stage. The apron protected our feet and knees; and the umbrella our heads and shoulders, but we were wetted in tail. The storm lasted about an hour and half; luckily it held up when we came to General Wade's bridge over the Spey. Like all the General's bridges, it was miserably constructed, and had a tremendous rise: this evil has been corrected, and the bridge itself preserved from the ruin which must otherwise speedily have befallen it—but there are tremendous cracks in two of the arches. Grantown is about a mile beyond.

Grantown—which must not be understood to mean Villa Grande, but Gigantopolis, or Reisenburg—Grant-Town—is a dull uniform village, not quite so uniform as Rothes, but duller. A man who had amassed some hundreds as sergeant and messman in the army has taken a small inn here, the Grants Arms. His wife, a forward, vulgar, handsomish woman, from Portsmouth, seems to hold Grantown in great contempt. She came to apologise for not having enough wheaten

bread; a party of soldiers, twenty men with an officer and a subaltern employed in the trigonometrical survey having slept there the preceding night, and eaten everything before them. In the morning she expected "capital wheaten bread from Nairn, for I never dep*ends* for any thing upon this place," and she recommended scones—cakes made of wheaten and oaten-flour, as what she herself liked very much. The room has some prints in true Portsmouth taste, of Marquis Cornwallis receiving the sons of Tippoo Saib; the Archduke Charles and General Suwarrow, and the funeral of the Princess Charlotte. The furniture is as little in keeping with the situation and size and exterior of the inn, as with such vulgar prints. These foolish people have wasted their money in plate, in an expensive mahogany side-board, good mahogany chairs, with hair-bottoms and brass nails, and most expensive bed-steads, the house not being better than a village alehouse, and out of the way or possibility of much custom. Indeed I learn from T. that the former tenants have all been ruined.

We dried ourselves by a beautiful peat-fire; beautiful it may well be called, for I never

saw coal or wood build up a finer body of fire. The chimneys are adapted to this fuel by two tapering buttresses which contract the inner hearth on which the peat is placed. The *scones* proved not amiss, but there was bread enough. We had a comfortable tea, indulged afterwards in half a mutchkin of whiskey, and to bed.

Thursday, September 2.—Started at 7. 14 miles to Fairn-ness Inn, along one of the military roads, reformed by the Commissioners. The country for almost the whole way a waste; heath growing in peat earth, and a sandy gravel beneath; some of General Wade's steep bridges over the little becks, and toward the end of the stage, some pools, or small lakes. Fairn-ness Inn is a single house, neither better nor worse than it ought to be, built by Sir James Montgomery Cunningham,[1] an Ayrshire man, of good property in his own country, (and good

[1] He purchased it when he was Major Cunningham, with the fortune which he received with his wife, one of the Cummings of Logie. He brought no good fortune from the East Indies. In his journey overland he passed over the ruins of Babylon and furnished some notes to Rennell. See Appendix to the *Geography of Herodotus.*

fortune acquired in the East Indies,) who has purchased some 7000 acres here, whereof 6200 are barren, besides the hills—so we found it stated in a huge map of his purchase. He had just left the Inn, after having resided there thirteen weeks with his family, the house not being more convenient in any respect than a common country alehouse in England. To us the excellent road from Grantown might have appeared unaccountable in such a land, for between that place and this we have not past above a score of habitations, most of them as black as peat stacks in their appearance, the peat stack in reality generally forming part of the edifice—peat stack, peat sty, and peat house being altogether: the roofs also are covered with turf, or peat, on which grass and heather grow comfortably, and probably the better because of the smoke which warms the soil. But great quantities of wood are brought from Strathspey by this line to the coast. Mitchell has sometimes met thirty carts together.

Some half-mile below the Inn is Fairn-ness Bridge, so Sir James desires that the word may be spell'd, in order that its meaning may be preserved, which is, it seems, the Alder-rapid: there is a small rapid a little above,

and there may have been, and perhaps still may be, alders near. It is a good plain bridge, built by the Commissioners, and here also we were able to walk under one of the arches and see the foundation. The walls by the wayside are built of granite of all colours —an appearance which we noticed also upon our yesterday's road. Near the bridge is a bank of granite, in such a state either of decomposition, or of imperfect composition, that it crumbles at a touch. We walked thither while breakfast was preparing and returned to a good fire and a comfortable meal. Salted herrings were part of our fare; but for the first time no sweetmeats were produced. The woman told us she had just heard that the fishing vessels from Burghhead had lost their nets, so many herrings having been caught in them that they were not able to lift them out of the water. Upon enquiry at Nairn we found that this had really happened. As soon as the herrings die they sink, and then the net is lost. Many vessels have thus lost their nets lately, some have drifted to Fort Rose and there been recovered; and the sea is said to be infected with the stench of the dead fish.

The furniture at Fairn-ness plain and

decent, suitable to the place; the grate is of a form and kind which I have never seen elsewhere—a triangular sort of gridiron, fitted to the chimney and with the hypotenuse in front: it is meant for a peat fire. 12 miles to Forres. We entered presently upon an improved country, which when Mr Telford travelled this way last was in the same condition as the dreary track we left behind. It is plain therefore that the worst ground here is improvable. To attempt raising grain is foolish on high ground, and not very wise in the best part of this region; but potatoes and green crops will succeed, and trees will grow anywhere. Fine views on the Findhorn and on the Divey, one of its confluents which we crost. Extensive plantations of fir. When we were within half a mile of Forres we discovered two carriages and four, approaching the town from the side of Nairn. This we were sure must be Prince Leopold, so to avoid the crowd we took a back road, and entered at the same time from the opposite side. The whole place was in commotion. Two bells, the whole peal of one kirk, were working away, ding-dong, ding-dong, and one in another went ding, ding—a comical presbyterian attempt at bell ringing—and from a

sort of summer house on a wooded hill, called Nelson's Tower, one gun was fired as fast as it could be loaded. In the midst of this bustle we stopt at Loudon's Hotel. The Prince was taken to another, and much worse house, by the Marquis of Huntley, for this notorious reason, that it is kept by a woman who—is kept by him.

We walked about half a mile to see one of the most noted monuments of antiquity in Scotland. The pillar is in a field, by the road side. Its back and sides are elaborately ornamented, very much in the fashion in which French cards are patterned on the back : there are some figures for about three feet from the base, and the whole front is covered with figures, which tho' much defaced by time, still represent men and beasts, and slain. The pillar is a sand-stone ; but perishable as this material is, it has long outlasted all other memorial of an event, the memory of which it was intended to perpetuate. Nearer the town two stones are shown by the road side as marking the spot where the witches who prophecied to Macbeth were burnt alive.

Here I called on Eleanor Castle, at Lady Cumming Gordon's, where Heaven knows

how many persons came in by one, by two, and by three, to look at me and repeat their civilities. A little boy, three years old, in the full dress of a Highland Chief, had just been mounted on a Shetland poney, to visit Prince Leopold, and present him a basket of apricots — it was the child's own desire to do this; he was indulged accordingly, and was of course very graciously received. I believe it was the young heir of the Cummings.

Dined at Forres, and then proceeded 11 miles to Nairn, crossing the heath which is fixed upon as the scene where the Witches met Macbeth. We met a Gentleman's carriage, with an Asiatic on the dickey, whiskered and wearing a turban. I immediately supposed him to be the Tartarian Sultan, Alexander Katagherry Krimgherry, who according to the newspapers is come to Scotland to qualify himself for a Missionary; and remarked upon the oddity of meeting in such a part of the world, a Prince and a Sultan on the same day. But the Landlord at Nairn told us the supposed Sultan was a servant whom some East Indian had brought over, and who, he said, was a *Mahommet*. An arch of flowers, surmounted

by a Thistle, was erected round the door of our Inn, in honour of Prince Leopold; he had been entertained there in the morning with what mine Host called a cold *Collection;* and the Freemasons had gone with all their insignia in procession to welcome him.

Here we rejoined the Ladies and the Children, and here I found a small parcel directed to me, at MacGregor's Hotel, Elgin, to be forwarded in case I should have left that town. It contained a Diploma from — the Literary Society of Banff, constituting me one of their honorary Members—a letter from their Secretary, the Revd. Abercrombie Gordon, and a pamphlett containing their Rules, and the Catalogue of their Library, in six and thirty pages—title page included. The Constitution and Regulations of the Society occupy twelve of these pages, and exemplify that habit of attaching importance to insignificant things, which is said to characterize the Scotch in much more serious concerns. The Honorary Members are almost as numerous as the Ordinary Ones, and the Library contains about a thousand volumes of the most common-place kind. My Diploma (!) however is in great form, upon a large piece of parchment, with the seal in

a Tin box—suspended by a purple ribband. The Seal of the *Soc. Lit. Banff* is a Bee hive, and the motto *Alveum Accipite.*

When Mr Telford and I retired to our double-bedded room, we heard a great knocking over head, and ringing the bell to request that the persons above might be desired to be less noisy, were told that it was only the Masons, who had just done, and were going away. We went to bed, but the knocking and other unaccountable noises continued at intervals till one o'clock; T. then exclaimed that this was too bad; and as it was impossible to sleep, we began to talk about it. I who, when the Chamber-maid spoke of the Masons, understood that word in its usual meaning, observed now that she must have intended to equivocate by saying that they were just going away, and not adding that others were coming to relieve them, for I supposed they were employed up on the roof of the house, and were working at it without intermission, day and night, in order to compleat it while the weather continued dry. Thus I had reasoned in a disturbed and half dreamy state, when neither asleep nor awake. But T. laughing at my mistake, told me the Freemasons were holding a lodge upstairs. So

it proved to be. Two or three tradesmen of the town, smitten by the glories of the procession in the morning, had applied immediately for admission; a lodge had forthwith been convened, and immediately over our heads, at midnight, the aspirants were going thro' what in their Diplomas are called "the great and tremendous trials" of initiation. Whether I actually heard a great cry or only dreamt it I am not certain, but I think I heard it.

Friday, September 3. — The building at Nairn with a spire, which at a distance makes it appear like a Church, is the Prison. On the boundary of the Parish is a rude obelisk, about six feet high, said to mark the grave of a Chief who lost his life in a quarrel about a Cheese—an adventure which ought to have happened in Wales. Seven miles to Fort George, over a level and dreary country. Fort George stands on a neck of land, almost opposite to which another slip extends from the coast of Ross-shire, contracting the passage of the Firth at that part to the breadth of about a mile. From hence you look up the Firth to the mountains on each side the great Glen of Scotland, now noted for the Caledonian

Canal. The Fort is a specimen of regular fortifications which may be regarded without one melancholy reflection, no gun having ever been fired in anger either from or against it. Not that I mean to speak of it with contempt; —far otherwise. It was necessary when it was built, and is useful now. We ought to have some such place where Officers may make themselves practically acquainted with fortifications. It will hold 1900 men, but at present has scarcely more than a 19th part of that number. The interior a good deal resembles one of the Inns of Court. In some of the covered ways, the weeds which grow between the palisade and the wall, have reached more than double the height which they would have attained in another situation; shooting up toward the air and light, they are full ten feet high.

13 to Inverness. We met a large party of men and women, chiefly sailors, with a funeral. The body was borne on a hand bier, covered with an old velvet pall. Cawdor Castle was in sight; and we passed by Stuart Castle, a ruin of the Flemish kind. The road is a military one repaired by the Commissioners. It was Fair Day when we arrived, and the streets were filled, mostly

with women; they appear never to wear hats or bonnets—but either a white cap, or a white handkerchief over the head; or the head is bare.

Here I sent for a surgeon, Kennedy by name, who was an acquaintance of Mr Telfords. His report was not a pleasant one; proud-flesh has formed within the cavity, and he means to apply a mercurial ointment, but he says there is no occasion either for confinement or rest. He is said to be a good surgeon, and has had long experience in the army—yet he talked of correcting my blood by Epsom Salts! As if a tumour of ten years' standing had anything to do with the present state of my blood, or as if Epsom Salts could alter that state. If I were to remain here he would apply caustics; this ointment is escharotick, to produce the same effect more slowly. I took only half his dose, because no medical man will be persuaded that half the quantity of any medicine which would be required for other men, suffices for me.

Saturday, September 4.—The Canal here was under the superintendence of Mr Davison, a strange, cynical humourist, who died lately.

He was a Lowlander who had lived long enough in England to acquire a taste for its comforts, and a great contempt for the people among whom he was stationed here; which was not a little increased by the sense of his own superiority in knowledge and talents. Both in person and manners he is said to have very much resembled Dr Johnson; and he was so fond of books, and so well read in them, that he was called the Walking Library. He used to say, of Inverness, that if justice were done to the inhabitants there would be nobody left there in the course of twenty years but the Provost and the Hangman. Seeing an artist one day making a sketch in the mountains, he said it was the first time he knew what the hills were good for. And when some one was complaining of the weather in the Highlands, he looked sarcastically round, and observed that the rain would not hurt the heather crop.

Sixty years ago there were no shops in Inverness. Booths were at that time erected in the streets, as they are now at fair-time. And still at fairs, and on market days, altho' there are numerous shops and good ones, men stand in the streets with pieces of cloth or linen under their arms for sale.

The smoke-jack was close to my bedroom, and its sound was as lulling as that of a spinning-wheel, or of a brook. Kennedy came in the morning, and pronounced that his ointment had already improved the appearance of the discharge. The post this day made amends for yesterday's disappointment by bringing a letter from Edith May. All well, and Cuthbert's arm compleatly healed at last, after vaccination. The sore had continued a long time—and I am now relieved from one of those petty anxieties which affect me more than they ought to do.

We set out after breakfast, and stopt at Mrs Davison's door, the widow of the humourist, whose son has succeeded to his office. She put into the carriage a basket of excellent gooseberries, and some of the finest apricots I ever saw or tasted, which have grown out of doors; the season has been unusually favourable, and her husband was fond of cultivating his garden. The road crosses the Caledonian Canal, just below the four Locks which bring it down to the level of Loch Beauly. No time could be spared now for examining this entrance of the great work; we left that for our regular survey: but the sight of this point was an exhilarating

one for the whole party, especially to Mr and Mrs R., and we stood up and gave three cheers as we were crossing the draw-bridge.

Ten miles to Lovat Bridge, over the Beauly, more properly called by its native name the Varrar. Here we turned aside, and went four miles up the river, along the Strath-Glas road—one of the new works, and one of the most remarkable of them, for the difficulty of constructing it, and for the scenery which it commands upon the Varrar. Three points deserve particular notice. The First is the Falls of Kilmorack; on the right bank, which is the opposite shore to the point of view, there is a small saw mill; a corn mill on the left bank, and some islanded pieces of rock and ground in the middle of the falls, connected by a few planks in one place, and in another by a frame which covers a salmon trap. The shores are high, the stream wide and rapid (for it is a considerable river), and the weres and falls form a scene singularly wild and complicated. On the one side, a lad was angling, knee deep in the water; on the other a woman was beating linen in the river—a practice which makes washing a cleanly and picturesque operation. Sometimes a dozen salmon have

been caught here in the course of a single night merely by laying branches along the shelves of rock, to catch them if they fail in the leap, and prevent them from falling into the water. Lord Lovat once disposed some boiling kettles about these falls in such a manner that he served his guests with fish which had leapt from the river into the pot. When Mr Telford was here last year, the minister, as is the custom when the Sacrament is administered, was preaching to a numerous congregation in the churchyard — a fine circumstance in so impressive a scene. These falls were seldom visited before the new road was made. The last Minister of Kilmorack built a kind of summer house in a corner of the church yard, which commands one of the best points of view; and this he did chiefly with the good natured intention of providing for strangers a place of rest and shelter. His successor is said not to be so accommodating.

The second of these grand scenes is about a mile farther up. Mrs Fraser of Lovat (who died yesterday), the widow of Simon, son of the decapitated Lord, made a path to the best point of view. The river comes down with great force, and about a third of the way across from the left bank several

high rocks stand up, like the Needles. The shores are very high, and of pudding stone. The third scene is at the Saw Mills of Tynessie, a little farther up. The river dividing into two branches of nearly equal size, forms an island called Agaish, which is nearly two miles in circuit, high ground, consisting of rock and wood. Where the channels reunite is this extensive saw mill, which was established in the year 1765, but having done its work is now out of use, and falling fast to decay. Timber to the amount of 200,000£ has been sawn there. The planks were floated down the river, and to defend the bridge from such battering rams, the angles of the piers are protected with cast iron *cutters*, as they are called—a sort of armour which effectually secures it not only from timber, but from the floating ice.

The road itself is an object which adds greatly to the beauty and interest of these scenes. It is carried along the side of the cliff, in many places it is cut in the cliff, and in many supported by a high wall—a work of great labour, difficulty and expence. We just went far enough to get one view into Strath Glas, a cultivated country which

by means of this road is enabled to communicate with Inverness, and the civilized world. There is no English word which will convey the full meaning of the Gaelic *Strath*, tho' the word itself may probably be of Latin derivation: it means the whole *cultivable* opening, whether of level, or hilly ground, thro' which a river flows, a meaning which with little violence may be deduced from *stratum*. The whole *pass* which we went along is called the Dream, what the interpretation of this name may be, I cannot learn.

Lovat Bridge, to which we returned, cost 8800£. The foundations were expensive, and the stone was not at hand. It is a plain handsome structure of five arches, two of 40 feet span, two of 50, and the centre of 60. The curve is as little as possible. I learnt in Spain to admire straight bridges; but T. thinks there always ought to be some curve, that the rain water may run off, and because he would have the outline look like the segment of a larger circle, resting on the abutments. A double line over the arches, which marks the road-line, gives a finish to the bridge, and perhaps looks as well, or almost as well, as ballustrades — for not a

sixpence has been allowed for ornament in these public works. The sides are protected by water-wings, which are stone embankments, to prevent the flood from extending on either hand, and attacking the flanks.

Dined at Beauly, a village near the bridge, which takes its name from Beaulieu Priory, here called a Cathedral. Several huge iron kettles were lying out of doors here—a great deal of salmon being pickled here, for exportation. Some fine elms, sycamores, and ashes are standing by the ruins, and a few fruit trees, the remains of what the Monks had planted; they are now in decay, (reformation having carried ruin with it in all these places!) but the fruits (cherries, apples and pears) are remembered as having been of the very best kind. It is rather an extensive ruin, with some trefoil windows, an uncommon form, which did not deserve imitation. The area, as usual, serves for a cemetery. A few bones and skulls have been collected, and laid decently in some of the recesses of the wall. On one of the grave stones is the figure of a warrior much defaced, but still showing by how rude an artist it was sculptured.

Here we had a decent dinner of salted ling, eggs, mutton chops, and excellent potatoes,

with ginger-beer, and good port wine at what appeared no better than an English alehouse. The house is kept by an Irishman, who speculates in road-making. Nine miles to Dingwall. Crost Conan Bridge, over a river of the same name. It resembles Lovat Bridge exactly, except that the arches are each five feet wider, and higher in proportion. Yet it cost much less (about 6500£) because the foundation was better, and the materials lay more conveniently. A village consisting of some twelve or fourteen houses has already grown up at the bridge, begun for the convenience of the workmen employed upon it.

Dingwall, the capital of Ross-shire (reminding me in its name of the Icelandic capital Thingvalla) is a vile place. 3800£ however has been expended in cutting a channel for its little river Peffer, and making two small basins. It exports timber and grain, and receives the necessaries of lime and coal. The channel which is little more than a mile in length has been finished about four years; but already thro' neglect the sea-wall shews symptoms of decay, and the mud has lessened the depth of water three feet. It opens into the bay of Cromarty.

There is a ridiculous obelisk opposite the

Kirk, considerably out of the perpendicular, and supported with numberless iron cramps and bars. The story is that an old woman being aggrieved by an Earl of Cromarty, said she should live to see the grass growing over his head. He died shortly after this prediction of enmity was uttered, and to disappoint its literal fulfilment, enjoined his heirs to erect this pillar exactly upon the spot where his head should be laid. The obelisk however is modern, and seems to have been erected by some foolish person as an *object.*

Sunday, September 5. — A strange poor fellow in Mr T.'s employ, whom he calls Davy, and who is so fond of whiskey that, for the sake of his family he cannot be trusted with the money he earns, has been the means of paving the streets of Dingwall. Such a mark of civilization ill accords with the general aspect of the place. Set off at 7 for Invergordon—15 miles. The town looked well as we left it. The Kirk, the Obelisk, and the tower of its prison (prison and town house being generally the same in Scotland, there is commonly a tower to it) are prominent objects; behind is a long hill with firs upon the summit, and a large plantation on the

right; and the firth of Cromarty, which we were skirting, in the foreground. It was low water, and the upper end of the firth was a sheet of mud, with a channel in the middle.

Past thro' several small villages; and by an estate on which Sir Hector Monro expended the whole wealth which he acquired in India, so that he was obliged to go to India again and make a second fortune for the purpose of enabling him to live upon it. The spoils of the East have seldom been better employed, than in bringing this tract which was then waste ground, into a good state of cultivation. There are extensive plantations on the hills behind the house, and some odd edifices on the summits which he is said to have designed as imitations of the hill-forts in India. One of them appeared like a huge sort of Stonehenge; but we saw it only from a distance.

In some of the Kirk-yards a thing like a watch box is standing; it is used as a pulpit when the Sacrament sermons are preached. The Sacrament is administered only once a year; there are sermons on the Thursday and Friday preceding, and the Monday following; great congregations generally attend, and therefore the preaching is in the open air.

Last year T. met the whole Kirk-going

population of one of these villages, on their way to attend divine service at Dingwall, seven miles off, because they had quarrelled with the minister of their own parish. For the last hundred miles at least I have noticed an ugly fashion of sticking little pieces of slate in the mortar between all the stones with which the houses are faced. The mortar is said to set the better; and a dark slate is preferred from a vile fancy that this regular dotting improves the appearance of the building. Invergordon where we breakfasted is an ugly village, in an important situation, at the ferry by which this part of the country communicates with the Black Isle, and so, by another ferry with Fort George, thus saving a day's journey. Piers for the use of this ferry, here and on the opposite coast, are nearly finished; the cost of both will be 1628£. Before these were begun passengers were sometimes obliged to mount their horses nearly a quarter of a mile from the shore, and ride mid-leg deep in the water. This has happened both to Mr Telford and Mitchell.

The entrance into Cromarty Bay is between two high points of land called the Souters of Cromarty, and remarkably resembling each other. We skirted the bay after breakfast

for two or three miles, and past a pier at Balintraed, which is to form a little port there, as at Cullen, for a fishing village. A flight of gulls were mingled with a herd of swine in a newly ploughed field, all busily employed, and upon good terms with each other. In the street of one village were two small sun dials, upon stone pillars. Leaving the bay the road turns to the North and cuts across to the town of Tain, 11 miles from Invergordon. On the way is a new Kirk added to an old tower; the tower is good, but the Kirk, being the House that Jack built, is in the common style of Jack's architecture, like an ugly dwelling house, or manufactory, with two rows of windows, like house windows, and three doors not differing from house doors. Another new Kirk, some way beyond this, stands E. and W., which is an heretical position in Scotland. And here at Tain is a handsome new Kirk, in a sort of Gothic, but looking as much like a Castle as a Church; it was still hung with black for the Princess Charlotte. The town house is old and Flemish, having one short round spire, with four shorter ones at the corners. Tain is a neater town than Dingwall, and contains better houses and more inhabitants.

The Tainites entertain a great contempt for Dornoch, the capital of Sutherland, which is on the opposite side of the bay. The Landlord said that as for himself he would not set his foot in such a place: and indeed Mitchell assures us that it is a most miserable place. The church yard is made a common thoroughfare for men and cattle, without any regard to decency, and the fair is held among the tombs.

The black cattle here, and on the western coast, come down to feed upon the sea weed —doubtless for the sake of the salt.

There was a weather glass in our room. We were not in the best apartment. A General Hutton occupied it with his family, and had been stationary there for a fortnight, coming as to a place of rural retirement from Aberdeen. I know not for what real or imaginary advantage he should have pitched upon the town of Tain. The Landlady is a rememberable person, an elderly woman, somewhat Flemish in figure. From real kindness of nature, and not with any design of enhancing her charges, she loads the table for her guests with whatever her larder can supply. When Mrs Rickman in her kind manner addressed her by the title of "my

good lady," she replied in a manner which makes me remember her, "Nay, I'se nae gude Lady, na but a poor woman."

The paucity of names in Scotland, tho' not so remarkable as in Wales, strikes an Englishman's eye. Here it is connected with clanship, which is not the case with the Welsh. From the land of the Grants we came into that of the Frasers, then of the McKenzies, and now of the Rosses. In the *Culloden Papers* there is a letter from Duncan Forbes, addressed "to the Gentlemen of the name of Ross," because he had not time to address them individually during the pressure of the rebellion.

Some twenty years ago Sir John Sinclair said to Mr Telford he should not be surprized if in the course of twenty years he were to see a mail coach to Thursoe. This which was then regarded as one of his impossible dreams, they have both lived to see. It is a Diligence, drawn by two horses and carrying three insides; and it answers well.

We dined at Tain. Between that place and Dingwall there is little or no waste ground. From Tain the road skirts the water, and enters upon a ruder country with the mountains in view, and Tarbet Ness at

the opposite extremity of the bay. I learn that there are two cairns near this point; Ulli-vacum is raised on a base of 72 feet in circumference—it is in a pyramidal form six feet broad at the bottom, and elevated only a few feet: Spadie-lingum, about 200 paces distant, is such another rude heap upon a base of only half the size. Dunrobin is visible, a white spot in the distance; and in many parts the views are fine, landward as well as seaward.

About ten miles from Tain, and on the left of the road is one of those remarkable edifices which are called Pictish Houses; it is in ruins, but of the few which remain, this has suffered least from time or violence. Mr Telford has published a description of it in the *Edinburgh Cyclopædia;* and I annex that which Mr Rickman made upon the spot.

"The Picts House, near Bonar Bridge, (known by the name of Dunaliskaig) appears to have consisted of two stories, each six feet in height, the lower one entered by the outer door way, which is three feet wide, five feet high, the lintel formed by a triangular stone, of which the base is four feet, the height four feet and a half. Within the entrance of the door way are upright side

stones, in which are apertures for a cross bar. On each side [are] staircases formed in the solid wall, and ascending to the upper story, from which story are three passages or entrances to the staircases, which traverse the whole wall, ascending and descending in an unintelligible manner, in some places three feet, in some not more than twenty inches wide.

"The building incloses a circle (not very well defined) thirty feet across. The wall is thirteen feet thick at the door entrance, in other places diminishing to ten, and even less than nine feet: and the building being entirely of dry stone work, is proof of great care and skill in its remaining firm, considering that the wall is mostly double, as being penetrated by galleries or staircases throughout. A regular benching, or stone shelf, marks the division of the upper and lower story."

Wild raspberries were growing in the area of this building, and a species of narrow-leaved fern.

From Tain to Bonar Bridge 14. We were obliged to divide our party for the night, the house there not having accommodation for all; T. M. and myself therefore stopt at Kincardine, a mile short of

the bridge. The former name of this place was Ardgay. When the bridge was built, an Inn was set up there, in the regular order of things; and then as naturally the owner of the little public house at Ardgay rebuilt his premises to preserve his custom, and vie with this unwelcome competitor. A stone famous in these parts by the name of the White Stone of Kincardine was brought from its former site near a Kirk about three quarters of a mile off, and built into the foundations of the new building, and with it the name of Kincardine was transplanted also. It forms the corner stone at the N.W. corner of the house, unhewn, and projecting considerably beyond the rest of the building. A beautiful stone it is—the finest mass of quartz I ever saw, resembling alabaster, and smoothed by time. T. computed its weight to be a ton and half.

Tombstones are erected for persons of humbler condition in this country than in England; one cause for which seems to be that the name of the person by whom the monument is erected, is usually inscribed. The family burial places in their Kirk yards are striking objects. In these parts they are generally walled inclosures, about sixteen

feet square, and frequently surmounted with a balustrade. These quiet mansions of the dead are in good feeling and in good taste: but they belong to a state of society which is rapidly passing away, and there is everywhere an appearance of decay and neglect about them, indicative of the change. Families are scattered; men die at a distance from their birthplace, and estates pass from one to another. There is something affecting in the Scottish custom of calling a woman by the name of her husband while she lives, but designating her upon her tombstone by her family name, as if death restored her to her own kin.

Monday, September 6.—Walked to Bonar Bridge to join our friends at breakfast. Dornoch Firth, into which the river from Loch Shin discharges itself, runs some 36 miles up the country, and this bridge is 24 from the mouth of the Firth. Upon trying the bottom it was twice pronounced that there was rock; and upon this presumption iron was cast for a bridge of the same proportions as that at Craig Elachie, two such arches being intended. The same moulds were used But upon farther trial it proved that the rock

was only on the left bank; and it became necessary to sink 16 feet for a bottom, and besides one iron arch to erect two stone ones, the one of 60, the other of 50 feet, upon caissons—so that the beauty of the structure is destroyed. Yet it is a work of such paramount utility that it is not possible to look at it without delight. The cost was little short of 14,000£; and painting the iron work this year, 130£.

A remarkable anecdote concerning it was told me. An inhabitant of Sutherland, whose father was one of the persons drowned at the Meikle Ferry, over this Firth, in 1809, could never bear to set foot in a ferry boat after that catastrophe, and was thus cut off from communication with the south till this bridge was built. He then set out on a journey. "As I went along the road by the side of the water," said he, "I could see no bridge: at last I came in sight of something like a spider's web in the air—if this be it, thought I, it will never do! But presently I came upon it, and oh, it is the finest thing that ever was made by God or man!"

Mitchell had a most providential escape from that tragedy at the Meikle Ferry. He was pushing his horse to be in time, and was

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only about three minutes too late. When he came upon the rising ground nearest the shore, the boat had sunk, and of 109 persons, some half dozen only were swimming for the land!

The County of Sutherland begins on the left side of this water; and here the County erected a toll house. The tolls did not suffice to pay the man who kept it, and he sued the County for wages: a refractory person denied their right of imposing a toll, and offered to contest it; owing to these untoward occurrences the toll house is now without a keeper, and passengers pass free. I heard two other anecdotes concerning Highland turnpikes. The County of Inverness, at an expence of 400£ obtained an act for levying a toll at Lovat Bridge; they have never yet thought it worth while to erect a toll-house. At Helmsdale there is such a house, and it has been let; but the man who rents it never demands toll: the house and the privilege of selling whiskey are considered by him as well worth the rent he pays, and he gives up the toll as not worth the trouble of collecting it.

Mr Dempster, upon whose estate the north abutment of Bonar Bridge stands, has had

the following inscription engraved in a marble tablet, to the honour of the Commissioners :—

"Traveller, Stop and read with gratitude the names of the Parliamentary Commissioners appointed in the year 1803 to direct the making of above 500 miles of roads thro' the Highlands of Scotland ; and of numerous bridges, particularly those at Beauly, Scuddel, Bonar, Fleet, and Helmsdale connecting those roads ; viz. :—Rt. Hon. Charles Abbot, Rt. Hon. Nicolas Vansittart, Rt. Hon. Wm. Dundas, Sir Wm. Pultenay, Bart., Isaac Hawkins Brown, Esqre, Charles Grant, Esqre, William Smith, Esqre, to whom were afterwards added Archibald Colquhoun, Esqre, Lord Advocate, Charles Dundas, Esqre, Rt. Hon. Nathaniel Bond. This building was begun Sept. 1811 And finished Nov. 1812. Thomas Telford, Architect, Simpson and Cargil, Builders. This stone was placed here by George Dempster of Dunnichen In the year 1815." The inscription is full of errors both as to the Commissioners and the extent of the roads ; and to crown all it is fixed against the Toll House instead of the Bridge.

After breakfast we set out for Fleet Mound, 16 miles, which was to be the extent of our journey in this direction. The road skirts

the water, as it did yesterday on the opposite shore, and the scenery is of a kind easily described and remembered—a winding firth with high hills, or low mountains, on both sides and in the interior, the hills as usual dark with heather. Upon one of the sand banks were some half dozen seals—the first I had ever seen—one of them took the water, and there were about as many more swimming about. The road was enlivened by the inhabitants of the surrounding country who were on their way in their best attire to a preaching at Dornoch, yesterday having been a Sacrament-Sunday.

We past across Spinning Dale, so named with double reference to the site and to himself, by David Dale of New Lanark, the well-known father-in-law of the better known Robert Owen. He thought that a manufactory of the wool of the country might be established with advantage here, where there was command of water, a navigable firth close at hand, and labour cheap. But after sinking about 20,000£, he found that the Yorkshire clothiers could afford to undersell him. The scheme failed, but the money tho' lost to the speculator, has not been wholly expended in vain ; the cottages which were built while the

work was carried on are far better than the native huts; and the lands which were then brought into cultivation have not been left to run waste again. The manufactory itself is in ruins, and forms a picturesque object which is seen to most advantage from the Bonar side.

Upon a green hill, commanding the Firth, and not far distant, is one of the Vitrified Forts. It was too far from the road for us to visit it, as there is one near Inverness which we shall have time to examine. Eleven miles from Bonar Bridge we halted at Clashmore Inn, at the sign of the Great Cat—a Cat o' mountain rampant—which is the Marchioness of Stafford's crest, as Countess of Sutherland —a neat house, built by that family last year. Five miles to Fleet Mound. A line of low dark hills between us and the shore, which is now at some distance: the tower of Dornoch Kirk on the right; bare black mountains of no great elevation before us, and on the left; and as the view opened, the Little Ferry below us, a winding bay set in sand, with a remarkably narrow opening; Dunrobin Castle, the seat of the Sutherland family, in the distance on the side of Dornoch Firth, with its dark woods behind; and far off the Ord of Caithness, and the mountains

in that county. The first drove of cattle which we have met past us here; they were of many different breeds, large and small, some with horns and some without; the black seemed to predominate; in all about 200 head.

Fleet water flows here into a small estuary. The passage tho' narrow was very inconvenient, because of the current; and it has happened to Mitchell sometimes to be kept three hours waiting there. A mound 990 yards in length has now been constructed across it; this great work was compleated in January last. At the north end are four flood gates, under as many twelve-feet arches; the tide shuts them as it rises, and when the tide falls they are lifted by the river stream. The stream not being large is allowed to collect while the gates are closed; and this tide reservoir is protected by a strong palisade from the ice, which in winter would otherwise endanger the arches and destroy the flood gates. In case of any impediment to this simple process of the leaves rising and falling according to the tide, there are windlasses ready for lifting them. Lord Gower allows a man a guinea per week and a cottage to live in, to take care of the mound, and lift these doors every tide,

as soon as the tide falls, and before the weight of water on the river side suffices to lift them. This is done not because any danger could possibly accrue to the mound, but for the sake of draining the land as soon as possible. The Mound slopes on either side, the road is the summit, and there is a parapet on both hands. It is 140 feet wide at the base, 20 at the top, besides the parapets, 6 feet above the high water mark, and 16 from the bottom, which is bare at low water, the tide ebbing for half a mile from thence. Sea birds in great numbers were walking about the dry sand, and busy at the water edge.

You perceive at once the simplicity, the beauty, and the utility of this great work; but you are not at first fully sensible of its grandeur, the straightness of the line appearing to diminish the length. About 400 acres which were formerly under water, are thus left dry, and grass is already beginning to grow upon what in a few years will become a fertile *carse*. Moreover, lands of some extent, which were liable to be flooded, are now secured from that evil. The cost was about 8000£. Lord Gower gave one, the rest was drawn in equal shares as usual from the County and the Public Grant. Lord

Gower gains the land which is recovered from the sea; and also derives more advantage from the road, and the dry passage to Dunrobin than any other person.

There is at this time a considerable ferment in the country concerning the management of the M. of Stafford's estates: they comprize nearly 2/5ths of the county of Sutherland, and the process of converting them into extensive sheep-farms is being carried on. A political economist has no hesitation concerning the fitness of the end in view, and little scruple as to the means. Leave these bleak regions, he says, for cattle to breed in, and let men remove to situations where they can exert themselves and thrive. The traveller who looks only at the outside of things, might easily assent to this reasoning. I have never—not even in Galicia—seen any human habitations so bad as the Highland *black-houses;* by that name the people of the country call them, in distinction from such as are built with stone and lime. The worst of these black houses are the *bothies*—made of very large turfs, from 4 to 6 feet long, fastened with wooden pins to a rude wooden frame. The Irish cabin, I suppose, must be such a heap of peat with or without stones,

according to the facility of collecting them, or the humour of the maker. But these mensties are not inhabited, as in Ireland, by a race of ignorant and ferocious barbarians, who can never be civilized till they are regenerated —till their very nature is changed. Here you have a quiet, thoughtful, contented, religious people, susceptible of improvement, and willing to be improved. To transplant these people from their native mountain glens to the sea coast, and require them to become some cultivators, others fishermen, occupations to which they have never been accustomed— to expect a sudden and total change of habits in the existing generation, instead of gradually producing it in their children; to expel them by process of law from their black-houses, and if they demur in obeying the ejectment, to oust them by setting fire to these combustible tenements—this surely is as little defensible on the score of policy as of morals. And however legal this course of proceeding may be according to the notions of modern legality, certain it is that no such power can be legitimately deduced from the feudal system, for that system made it as much the duty of the Lord to protect his vassals, as of the vassals to serve their Lord.

Turgot used to wish that he could possess absolute power for one year. I would not be entrusted with it for all the world could give me, seeing in every instance the fatal effects which it produces in those who exercise it. Even when pursuing good and generous intentions, they act tyrannically, they become proud and impatient of contradiction, reckless of the feelings and sufferings of others—and the course of conduct which began in benevolence, ends oftentimes in injustice and cruelty.

Except in forcing on this violent change, great good arises where a large estate in Scotland is transferred by marriage to an English owner, English capital and ingenuity being employed to improve it; whereas a native Laird would too probably, like an Irish gentleman, have racked his tenants to support a profuse and wasteful expenditure. Thus in the instance of the Marchioness of Stafford's possessions. They are of enormous extent, tho' they produce not more than between 5 and 6000£ a year; and not only is the whole of the receipts expended in improving them, but about an equal sum from the Marquis's English property is annually appropriated to the same purpose, the Marchioness, much to her honour, having

this object at heart. Large tracts are planted, and much land brought into good cultivation. Trees will grow anywhere in this country—better within a stone's throw of the German ocean, than they will at ten miles distance from the shore in the country about Liverpool: why this should be I am unable to conjecture, but so it is. Here in Sutherland and Ross-shire, even in places where the oak seems stunted in its growth, it answers to plant it, for bark and charcoal, and cut it once in fifteen years, when it will produce 15£ per acre, that is twenty shillings per year. I observe birch trees with very small leaves, smaller than those of the broad-leaved myrtle; whether these be stunted, or of a different species from the common birch I do not know, probably the latter.

We turned back from Telford Mound—so I will call it, in honour of our excellent companion who has left so many durable monuments of his skill in this country. It was a good termination of our expedition; and a remarkable spot, being the narrowest part of the whole island, the distance across from tide to tide not exceeding [20 (?)] miles.

It is a proof of increasing decency and civilization that the Highland philibeg, or

male-petticoat, is falling into disuse. Upon a soldier or a gentleman it looks well; but with the common people, and especially with boys, it is a filthy, beggarly, indecent garb. The fashion is not yet a century old, and is known to have been introduced by an Englishman, Thomas Rawlinson by name, who was agent, or managing partner for the adventurers in Aaron Hill's timber speculation and purchased the Glengarry Woods in 1728. He introduced it, because the men whom he employed wore nothing but the plaid, and when they were at work, were, as to all purposes of decency, naked. The more civilized chieftains before that time wore trouse. Those who came from the remote highlands to the rebellion of 1715 were all drest in a long loose garment, home-made, and of one colour, buttoned above and laced below down to the knees, which as the cobler's stall served him for parlour and kitchen and hall, served them for coat, waistcoat, breeches and shirt.

We halted at Clashmore on the way back, for an hour and half while the horses rested and the children dined. The good Hostess produced a bowl of milk, warmed and coagulated with rennet; and prest upon us some whiskey,

slightly coloured, and more slightly flavoured with lemon peel and cinnamon. Here, and at breakfast this morning, was a tasteful and handsome set of Worcester china. Upon noticing it to Mr Telford, he told me that before these roads were made, he fell in with some people from Worcester, near the Ord of Caithness, on their way northward, with a cartload of crockery, which they got over the mountains how they could; when they had sold all their ware, they laid out the purchase money in black cattle, which they drove to the south.

Dined all together at Kincardine, where we had an excellent pudding, which appears to be the legitimate cheese cake, the basis being evidently fresh curd. I supposed it to be merely soft curd and currants baked. Bread is brought here from Inverness by the mail-coach every day, for there is no yeast here. And the yeast in Inverness is obtained from the smugglers who make whiskey in the Black Isle; that yeast is thought better than any other. A party on horseback (of the better order) arrived from "Lord Rea's[1] country"—a feudal form of speech which is more generally applied to the estates of this Laird, than of any other.

[1] Reay.

A considerable quantity of wool, in packs, is lying at Bonar Bridge, ready for shipping. These roads have given life to the country, and it is to be regretted that the Parliamentary aid has not been continued farther. The first difficulties, inevitable in all such operations, have been overcome. Workmen and overseers have been formed who understand their business perfectly, and the people of the country, seeing and experiencing the advantages of what has been done are desirous of doing more, and would willingly raise their half of the expence. But the cry for retrenchment prevails.

Tuesday, September 7.—Returned to Dingwall by the Fearn road, over the fells. It leaves the coast road about three miles south of Bonar, and joins it at Novar Deer Park, Sir Hector Monroe's village. This is the Commissioners' road, and cuts off twelve miles in distance; but the Mail Coach takes the line of the coast, the shorter way being over an uninhabited track. The traveller loses something by this, for the Fearn Road has been pronounced one of the most perfect lines in the Highlands. It is carried 700 feet above the level of Dornoch Firth; nor is

there anywhere a finer specimen of road-making to be seen, than where it crosses one dingle on one side, and one on the other; the bridges, the walled banks, the steep declivities, and the beautiful turfing on the slope, which is frequently at an angle of 45, and sometimes even more acute, form a noble display of skill and power exerted in the best manner for the most beneficial purpose. The views over the bay are fine. From this high ground the lake above Bonar Bridge is seen, formed by Shin-water and Rappoch-water. The sand and gravel brought to the mouth of this lake by a third stream, the River Carron, have formed the strait where the Bridge is built. We looked down upon the old Highland road, in a part where a little old bridge of one arch over a rivulet, made a subject which an artist would not willingly have left without bringing away a sketch of the scene. On the summit is a point which Mr Telford and Mitchell call Davison's Crag, because when that humourist was met here one day, descending and leading his horse (it was before the road was made, and he was a timorous rider) his knees trembling as much from fear as fatigue, he curst the place and the Crag too, which, he said, had been making faces at him all the

way. In coming down we commanded the Bay of Cromarty, and recognised the Souters with satisfaction as old acquaintance.

Halted at the Novar Eagle, which I suppose may be the Monro's crest. Not far from this place a directing post marks "the foot path to Mount Gerald Square." I could not guess how a Square should have been placed in such a situation; but it seems that the offices of a great house in Scotland are generally built in this form and called accordingly. Near Novar is a nursery garden. I saw a woman digging in the fields and pressing down the spade with her bare foot.

The Manse is frequently the only good house in a village; generally the best—indeed always, unless there is a great house. The reason is that the heritors are obliged to keep it in repair; and the Clergy acting as a body maintain their rights, and can better afford to assert, than the heritors can to invade them. I had been told, and had unthinkingly believed that one reason why the Scotch clergy possessed more influence over the people than the English was that they were more upon a level with their parishioners, not being lifted into the higher stage of society, but having just means sufficient for making

a respectable appearance. But from what I see and hear, it appears that the Scotch Clergy, generally speaking, are in their worldly circumstances and appearance, comparatively much above the general level of the English, and command more respect for that reason.

Wednesday, September 8.—Left the Ladies and the children at Dingwall; they were to return in the Coach to Inverness and there wait for us. We with a chaise and Mitchell's gig set off at six, to cross the Island by the Loch Carron Road, from sea to sea. The chaise horses had been sent off yesterday, one stage to Garve, and we took a pair of the Coach horses so far, which enabled us to perform the whole journey in one day. North of Inverness, post horses are not to be obtained.

We entered first upon Strath Peffer, where poor Davy persuaded the landholders to drain between 6 and 700 acres; he converted for them this extent of unprofitable marshy land into excellent ground which is now in a state of high cultivation, and was satisfied with—five and twenty pounds for his services. Had he stipulated for a shilling or two a year upon every acre which he reclaimed, they would

probably have been glad to close with him upon such terms. They ought to give him an annuity of 50£ for his life. About three miles from the town is a mineral spring, in such repute that a neat house has lately been erected over it, and the Landlady at Dingwall says her house is frequently filled with persons who come to drink the water.

Sir George Mackenzie has his estates and *solar* here. His travels in Iceland must have taught him to regard Ross-shire as a southern country and genial climate; and in point of natural scenery he has reason to be well contented, for here are quiet straths, fine streams, and hills about the height of Latrigg or Swinside (perhaps higher) covered with native woods, chiefly or wholly birch. Sir George has made considerable plantations, is building a porter's lodge, and seems as if he were preparing the place for his residence. At present he makes Edinburgh his home. The road passes thro' a beautiful birch wood; but this wood is in danger—and indeed the destruction has already begun; for since the herring fishery has increased, the scarcity of oaken staves for barrels led men to try whether birch would answer the purpose as well, and great quantities have been felled and

are felling in consequence—to the profit of the landholders, but to the sad deterioration of many a beautiful scene.

Early in the morning the road presented an unusual and very lively appearance. A great many laden carts were going into the country, and a great many people, some on foot, some on horseback, men and women, many of them carrying packs. When we reached Contin, a village where a bridge of three arches, 40, 45, and 50 feet in span, has been built over the Black Water, we learnt the cause of this unusual movement. It was the first day of a fair which is held here thrice a year, continues two days, and puts all the country round in activity. The fair is supposed to be chiefly for horses: but very many booths were erecting upon the ground, and wares of all kinds were arriving in abundance. We fell in with several droves of horses coming from the interior, a small, hardy kind: many of them go to the south, and are transported from the Highland hills into the coal pits of Northumberland and Durham. We met also one flock of goats, the only flock I ever saw in Great Britain. This was not the only circumstance which gave a foreign character to the scene, and reminded me of Galicia and

Leon: the women with their white caps looked at a little distance more like Spaniards or Portugueze than Englishwomen. The road lies along the shore of Loch Luichart. The Lake is about three miles long and one wide; tho' without any strong and decided features, it has a fine, sober, impressive character. There is some cultivation at the upper end, about the village of Garve, where we breakfasted.

One of the innumerable Mackenzies is Laird of Strath Garve, and was at this time residing in the little inn which he has built there. Very courteously, as the people of the inn were apprized of our coming, he walked out that we might be accommodated with his sitting room. There were a few books there —among them Bell's edition of *Chaucer* (to the reproach of English literature there exists no better!); Blair's *Sermons*, in numbers; and an old set of maps which appear to have been collected and published by Du Val. There was some fishing tackle also—and a deer's foot for the handle to the bell. A more characteristic part of the furniture was a paragraph cut from a newspaper and framed, containing an account of the death and character of John Mackenzie, Esqre, of Fig

Tree Court, Temple, and of Arcan in the County of Ross. This was the person whom Macpherson entrusted with the charge of publishing the Gaelic version of his pseudo-Ossian: I know not whether he were a dupe, or an accomplice—probably the former. On the back of this curious record is a notice that it was framed by "Mackenzie, Upholsterer to the Admiralty." The Laird has been in the army. He is improving his estate; but having removed his people two years ago and made them construct new hovels by the road side, he has now given them orders to shift their habitations again. It will be some compensation for the inconvenience to which they are subjected by this second thought, if the third set of hovels should be as much better than the second, as the second are than the first: and if the fear of another removal does not dishearten the people, this will probably be the case, the spirit of improvement having once begun to work. Before we began breakfast the Landlord produced a Scotch pint of whiskey, and would fain have persuaded us to commence with a glass. We had salted herrings, excellent in their kind, but no sweetmeats.

Garve is 13 miles from Dingwall, 10 from

Auchnault. There are some fine rapids on the way, and we observed the stumps of several large oaks, apparently the remains of a forest. The only man whom we saw in a philibeg during this day's journey was a poor idiot, who ran after the chaise, not to beg, but with an idiotic delight at seeing it. The road lies sometimes near, and sometimes along a chain of small lakes, or broads, as some of them might properly be called. The workmen were finishing this division of the road, under the inspection of Mr Christie, the contractor: their tents, which had been purchased from the military stores, were pitched by the wayside, and they had made a hut with boughs for their kitchen—more picturesque accompaniments to so wild a scene could not have been devised. In a country like this, where there is little use of wheel carriages, the road is constructed wholly of gravel, and all the stones are picked out and thrown aside. We went into the inn at Auchnault, a miserable place, bad as a Gallician posada, or an estallagem in Algarve. But we tasted whiskey here, which was pronounced to be of the very best and purest, "unexcised by Kings"; and we drank a little milk, on the excellence of which these

highlanders pride themselves. The house, wretched as it was, was not without some symptoms of improvement; there was the crank of a bell in the dirty, smoked, unplaistered wall, showing that it was intended to fit up the room.

The road continues to ascend gradually and almost imperceptibly, ten miles farther, up Bran Water; Water which in my Land of Lakes is synonimous with Mere, means in Scotland a river of inferior size. Loch Gowan on the left, and mountains before us, on both sides, of greater elevation than any which we had hitherto approached. Stopt at Luip, a house one degree better than the hovel at Auchnault. One end of the room contained three beds like ship cabins, each shut in with folding doors. Such beds were common—indeed almost general in Scotland fifty years ago. They may be clean; but they must be close, and are evidently unfavourable to cleanliness, a virtue in which the Scotch are notoriously wanting. Yet I must give the poor people at Luip credit for this virtue, which is connected with so many others. There was an air of cleanliness about the house, as far as could consist with a tinge of smoke upon the rafters and walls.

The wooden chairs and the tables were cleaner than they would usually be found in an English cottage; and there was one better bed, upon an open bedstead (in which Mitchell has often slept) with a quilt of patchwork, ornamentally disposed, in stars, upon a white ground. There were also two plated candlesticks, a hand bell, a wire bell, and a good likeness of the Landlord, well drawn in water colours. We dined here on good mutton chops, excellent potatoes, and fresh soft curds and cream. The woman apologized for the want of wheaten bread, which none of the party wanted, everything being so good. The charge was a shilling per head. And we tasted again right Highland whiskey.

We past Loch Scaven on the left, after which we soon reached the highest part of the road, and began to descend, the counter-streams flowing to the western sea. As we advanced toward the West, the blackness of the hills gradually gave place to a brighter colour: there was less heather and more pasturage. The stream made its way down a deep and narrowish glen, with firs and birch on the mountain side. 9 miles to Craigie House, a neat little inn lately built by Mackenzie of Applecross, the Laird of

the land. The windows are in small lozenge panes, in a frame work of cast iron; these small panes are convenient, where glass is brought from a distance, as less liable to be broken, and more readily replaced. Loch Dougall, a fine lake on the left; a steep green mountain on the south side, so steep that such a mountain in my country would have been covered with screes; here it is green, tho' scored and ribbed with numerous deep ravines. The glen then widens into a great expanse, which seems to have been formerly under water, and with little care might become a most valuable carse. But Applecross's grandfather leased it at a low rent for three terms of 19 years each, and about 18 years are unexpired. This extends to Loch Carron. The evening set in with rain —which was to be expected in this rainy region. We saw seals swimming in the salt water, and finally on the shore of this long inlet of the sea, we took up our night's abode at Jean-town. Our sitting room is larger than seems either needful or comfortable in such a situation, and there is no air of neatness about it. We had, however, a good meal at tea, excellent butter, barley cake and biscuit (no wheaten bread) and herrings,

much smaller than those at Cullen, but delicious enough to vie with them. They are mostly without roes, whence I suppose them to be young fish.

Thursday, September 9.—Jean-Town, the capital of Applecross's country, and the largest place in the west of Ross-shire, is a straggling but populous village, chiefly or wholly inhabited by fishermen. A few of the huts on the shore are contiguous, the much greater number stand separately upon the hill side. Great part of the year the men, from the nature of their calling, have nothing to do; yet they buy their nets at Inverness, instead of employing some of their leisure hours in making them.

After breakfast we set off for Strome Ferry, with the intention of crossing there, if Applecross's new boat should be ready, and returning by the Kintail, Glenshiell, and Glenmorriston roads to Inverness. There was a difficulty before us, which we saw no means of overcoming. The proper place to sleep at would have been Shiell House, an inn built by Government solely for the accommodation of travellers in these western wilds, being in the line which the people

of Skye and the Lewises take when they travel to Inverness, which is their capital. But the Laird into whose hands it has past, a certain Mr Dick, quarrelled with the last tenant, got rid of him, and shut up the house, contrary to an express condition that it was to be kept open as an Inn. Owing to this, there is now no public house at which a traveller can lodge for the night, between the Western sea and Glenmorriston; and from Jean-Town thither was for us a distance of 70 miles. To get thro' with the same horses was impossible; and there were objections which could not be overcome, to looking for hospitality from Dick; he had behaved with great insolence to Mitchell, and had thus brought himself into a dispute with the Commissioners which might much better be managed in writing than by personal intercourse. There was no such objection to quartering ourselves upon Sir Hugh Innes; but his house lay so near the ferry that the difficulty of reaching Glenmorriston the next day would be very little diminished by starting from thence. However, we were to make the best of a bad business, enter the country, and trust to fortune.

With such prospects, not very exhilarating

ones for travellers in the western highlands, we set off for the ferry, 4 miles; but not without a suspicion that we might find it necessary to return, for want of a boat capable of carrying the chaise and horses. Piers on both sides have been built by the Commissioners; and Applecross, to whom the ferry belongs, had long promised to provide a boat. This work, from want of interest on his part, and inactivity in those whom he employed, had been delayed at first, and then slowly carried on, till the expected arrival of R. and T. made him eager to have it finished. They wrote from Inverness, asking him to meet them at Craigie Inn, or at Jean-Town. But on Tuesday, Mitchell, who was before us in his gig, met him between Dingwall and Tain, on the way to a county meeting; and he past the coach, which happened to be closed because of the rain, without stopping to accost R. and T. tho' he knew from Mitchell that they were in it. This conduct, which appeared uncivil in a man not wont to be discourteous; and who was moreover upon friendly terms with both, was explained when we found that the boat was not ready. He had been ashamed to see them and confess this; and had given

orders to get her into the water without delay, so that she might be ready for service this morning. But when we arrived at the ferry, the boat was not there. My companions were not sorry that they were thus prevented from seeing persons in the opposite country whom they could not without impropriety have left unseen, but with whom precious time would have been consumed to no purpose. Moreover, an end was put to all perplexity concerning our farther movements, as nothing was to be done but to return to Inverness by the way we came.

We ourselves crost to see the farther shore. Loch Carron is a beautiful inlet. A tongue of land runs out on the north side and forms a natural pier, protecting the bay where Jean-Town stands. The pier at Strome Ferry is sheltered by a smaller neck of land. The Loch is inclosed by mountains on three sides, and on the fourth the mountains in the Isle of Skye are seen at no great distance. Ours was the first carriage which had ever reached the ferry, and the road on the southern shore, up which we walked, had never yet been travelled by one. We went up the hill so as to command the descent along which it inclines toward Loch-Alsh—a district, not

a Lake—and communicates by Kyle Haken Ferry with the Isle of Skye, where an hundred miles of road have been made by the Commissioners. To hear of such roads in such a country, and to find them in the wild western Highlands is so surprizing, everything else being in so rude a state, that their utility, or at least their necessity, might be doubted, if half the expence were not raised by voluntary taxation. The Lairds indeed have one inducement for entering largely into the scheme, which explains what might otherwise seem on their part, a lavish expenditure on such improvements. Large arrears of rent were due to them, which there was no chance of their ever recovering in money; but the tenants were willing to work for them, and so discharge the debt. When therefore the estimated expence of a road was 5000£, they received from Government 2500£, and the tenants did for them 5000£'s worth of labour; thus they were clear gainers by all which they received, and by the improved value of their estates.

Some years ago a villainous adventurer, by name Brown, made his appearance in these parts, professing that he had a "capability" of improving estates—not in their appearance,

but in their rents. His simple secret consisted in looking at the rent-roll, and doubling, trebling, or even quadrupling the rent, according to the supposed capability of the tenant, without regard to any local circumstances, or any principle of common justice. Some Lairds allowed this fellow to make the experiment upon their estates, and it succeeded at first, owing to accidental causes. The war occasioned a great demand for black cattle; and the importation of barilla being prevented by the state of affairs in Spain, kelp rose to such a price that it enabled the tenants to pay the increased rent without difficulty. This brought Brown into fashion, and whole districts were brought under the ruinous system of rack-rent, in some instances even to a sixfold augmentation. The war at length was brought to an end; cattle and kelp fell to their former price; the tenants were unable to pay; and some of these Lairds were at once unthinking and unfeeling enough to go thro' with their extortionate system, and seize their goods by distress. They suffered doubly by this: first by the entire ruin which was brought upon their poor tenants; secondly by the direct consequence of the process. For, according to the forms of their law, they

took the cattle at a valuation, in part payment of arrears; the valuation was made at the then market price, and before the cattle could be driven to market, there was a very considerable fall; so that, both causes operating, these grasping and griping Landlords have gone far towards ruining themselves.

There is good marble in the Isle of Skye. The Laird upon whose estate it was discovered was persuaded that the quarries might be made of great immediate value; he determined therefore to work them upon a great scale, and to expend 20,000£ in constructing piers, laying rail-roads, and other works. But Mr Telford advised him to proceed cautiously, select a few specimens, and those good ones, send them in carts to the shore to be shipt, and not involve himself in any serious expence till the marble had obtained reputation in London. The Laird followed this judicious advice in part, and the ruinous cost in which he would have engaged was spared; but he sent off a shipload of seventy tons without selection, and of course it was disregarded, and perhaps undervalued.

After a pleasant walk, and a view into the wilds leading to Loch Alsh, we recrossed. The fishermen here make ropes of birch twigs,

of heather, and of the small roots of the fir, the latter are very well made. The ferry house is thatched with fern roots. It is not finished, and we observed that instead of laths, splintered wood is used in building it. The tenant pays Applecross 7£ a year for the house, 10£ for the ferry, and 7£ for what the woman called an acre of land. Certain that there must be some misunderstanding here, we enquired farther, and found that this acre of land supported two cows and a horse, and moreover afforded room for plenty of potatoes. The man said it might be two acres, and it turned out to be as much land as was quite sufficient for their wants, with unlimited right of common upon these green hills. But there was no intention to deceive us, nor to represent themselves as paying an exorbitant rent. The misstatement arose from calling any small lot of land an acre—as any indefinite distance, from one mile to four or five, is called a mile in Wales, and such countries. The ferryman told us that he made his own leather and his own shoes. In his case therefore there is no want either of industry or ingenuity. Close to the ferry are the ruins of a Castle which formerly commanded the Loch.

The weather had been stormy when we

crossed, and it rained heavily while we were on the way to Craigie House, beyond which we could not proceed this day, for want of decent accommodation at night. A girl past us in a cart carrying an umbrella. The carts in Applecross's country are like those in England; on the Eastern coast they are of a much ruder and simpler construction, which is in some respects preferable; the sides consist merely of a slight upright railing, just strong enough to secure what may be placed within. Craigie House is smaller than the inn at Jean-Town. They have only two beds for strangers, but will make up a third on six chairs, by robbing one of the others. Mitchell went on to Luip.

Friday, September 10.—The upper story of Craigie House is constructed in the roof so incommodiously that a large corner is, of necessity, cut from the doors; and a man must beware of his head, unless he walks in the middle of the room. I could neither get in, nor out of my chair-bed, nor sit upright in it, without management. The chairs were lengthened by placing a chest at the bottom of the bed; but the chest and the chairs were not upon the same level, so that my feet had

a step to go down. However, I slept well; and the shifts which I was fain to use in rising and dressing, there being no passage between the two beds, were matter of merriment. Quilts of ornamental patchwork, as at Auchnault.

A beautiful morning. The mountains and the vallies and the streams were drest with sunshine. Breakfasted at Auchnault. The want of wheaten bread was so well supplied by good pink potatoes, dug the moment they were wanted, boiled in their skins, and hot enough to melt fine fresh butter, that I was more than ever satisfied how little the want of bread would be felt, and how impolitic it is to make so precarious a crop as wheat of such main importance as the prime necessary of life. We had also a cold sheep's head, which, to my surprize, I thought very good, because of the skin, and the flavour which had been given it by singeing.

At a little distance from this place, where a stream of equal magnitude comes from the N.W. to join the Bran, we went about 200 yards from the road to look into the valley whence it came. This gave us sight of Loch Rusque, and of some detached and very lofty mountains beyond the ridge which bounds it.

They are on the side of Loch Maree, a large fresh water lake, about 25 miles in length. The waters from Loch Maree flow into the salt-water Loch Ew, and as this is the best point for communicating with Lewis, it is desirable that a road should be made there, branching off from the Jean-Town road at this place.

In Strath Garve, where great improvements are going on, I observed a kind of walling which I had never noticed before. The wall, without mortar, is built of the usual thickness for about two feet, and then for about the same height is only one stone thick. I pointed it out as a specimen of wretched work, which the slightest push, or the first storm of wind would destroy. But T. tells me this sort of walling is common in the south of Scotland, where it has been found that the sheep, seeing the light thro' the interstices of the stones, never attempt to run up it, or to leap it, aware of the danger of bringing it down about their heels. Such walls are called Galloway Dikes. There is one of them, Mitchell tells me, on the side of Loch Laggan which has stood 45 years.

Reached Dingwall once more to a late dinner. Cheese there of goats' milk, and of ewes' milk—both very good.

Saturday, September 11.—Called at Bran[1] Castle, the seat of Stewart Mackenzie, who, by marrying Sir Samuel Hood's widow, daughter and heiress of the last Lord Seaforth, has become the head of the Mackenzies. Their genealogy, long as it is, must yield to his, who is unquestionably of the oldest and best family in the world—that of Abraham. R. and T. had road business with him. Here is a good portrait of Henry Mackenzie, the Man of Feeling — very deservedly the pride of his clan. I recognized it immediately. And here is an original whole-length of Mary Q. of Scots, resembling the portrait at Holyrood House, and certainly bearing little trace of beauty. Here I found a visitor, by name Augustus Hare, who is nephew to Mrs Sloper and the Dean of St Asaph, cousin to Reginald Heber's wife, and well acquainted with Frederick Blackstone and John Awdry. Lady Mackenzie talked much of Walter Scott and Mr Morritt, as persons with whom she was intimate. A second breakfast was prepared. T. jested with me about the weakness which I confess for whiskey, and this ended in Lady M.'s producing two bottles of the very best, made

[1] Brahan.

in Lewis at the birth of her son (now 16 months old) to be drank when this young hope of the Mackenzies shall come of age. One was for me, the other for R. For myself, I can only say on such occasions that the smallest contributions are thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged. The little boy is a fine child, with the right Hebrew eye and cast of countenance.

Thro' the Black Isle to Kessock Ferry, this way to Inverness being about 8 miles nearer than that by Lovat Bridge. The Black Isle is a peninsula between the Cromarty and Beauly or Moray Firths, and is the largest part of the scattered shire of Cromarty. That anomalous shire was oddly constituted by the grant of some Scotish King to his favourite, forming all his estates, wherever dispersed, into a seperate jurisdiction, or county. There was one estate in this Isle which enjoyed an exemption from the Excise Laws; the natural consequence was that all the whiskey which was made in the whole Isle came from the privileged district; and Government not long since thought it advisable to give the owner of the estate a sum of money as an equivalent for an exemption which could no longer be allowed. We past

thro' a young wood of firs, of considerable extent, self-sown. Crossed the ferry which is the best in Scotland. But the best ferry is a bad thing. They have no good means of getting carriages on board, and there was considerable difficulty with one of the horses. As soon as we arrived at our Inn, I sent for Mr Kennedy. He was surprized to see how compleatly his ointment had done its work. The proud-flesh is gone, and the tumour has nearly, and he says it will soon heal.

Sunday, September 12. — Walked to the mouth of the Canal. It opens into a fine road-stead doubly sheltered by the opposite coast of the Black Isle; and by the points of Fort George and Channerty Point, which cover the entrance of the Bay. The masonry at the mouth is about ten feet above high water mark: the locks large enough to admit a 32 gun frigate, the largest which has ever been made. There was a difficulty at the mouth from the nature of the bottom, being a mud so soft that it was pierced with an iron rod to the depth of sixty feet. A foundation was made by compressing it with an enormous weight of earth and stones, which were left during twelve months to settle,

after which a pit was sunk in it, and the sea lock therein founded and built. This was a conception of Telford's, and had it not been for this bold thought the design of the canal must have been abandoned. The length of the basin is 800 yards, the breadth 150. Already the Sea has, as it were, adopted the outworks, and clothed the embankment and the walls with sea-weed.

Craig Phadrie, one of the Vitrified Forts, is near the mouth of the Canal. The hill has been planted with firs, so that the plan and extent of the works cannot be traced without a laborious examination. Indeed the peculiarity which renders these forts so remarkable, would hardly have been discovered by any but a mineralogist, none of the walls (here at least) being left above ground. They have been laid bare in several places, and no doubt can be entertained by any reasonable man, but that fire has been designedly applied, to consolidate them by semi-fusion. Lord Woodhouselie, with that want of judgement which characterises his breed of authors, supposes them to have been built of wood, with earth and stones between the two sides; and destroyed by fire, the vitrification being thus the effect

of the destruction. In the *Survey of the Province of Moray*, which book contains this silly theory, is a passage which if it rests upon any authority, is decisive:—"An old record in Dunrobin Castle," it is said, "explains this ancient mode of building, bearing that a stranger had come from the south into Sutherland, who had discovered an excellent cement for strong buildings, composed of iron ore mixed with other stone, vitrified by the force of fire."

The view from Craig Phadrie commands the firth from the Souters of Cromarty to Fort St George; Benwevis to the N. behind Dingwall, the canal and Inverness below, and a country recently cultivated and improved in many ways.

Evan Baillie, the late Member for Bristol, has considerable possessions here, having succeeded to his elder brother in the family estate at Dochfour, and brought to it a large fortune acquired in trade, and no narrow mind, as far at least as worldly interests are concerned. Many of the canal-men, when they have acquired a little money, obtain waste land from him, to be held for a few years rent-free, afterwards for a certain time (90 years I believe) at ten shillings per acre.

They have built cottages there, and being perfect masters of the spade, are bringing the ground into good order faster than any other labourers could have done, working at seasons when they are not employed upon the Canal, and in hours which they can win from their labour there.

Monday, September 13.—Embarked at the top of the Four Locks, and went up the Canal, meaning to proceed as far as Bona or Bana Ferry on the Ness, immediately after it issues from the Lake. The Canal at this end appears like a considerable river, even now; and when the whole is compleated, the water here will be ten feet wider, on each side. It was necessary in three places to make the river Ness give way, drive it into a new channel, and confine it there by embankments, tho' it is a larger stream (if I remember rightly) than the Severn at Gloucester, and comes down with far greater velocity. The embankment is well clothed with whins and broom: among the weedery I observed a plant with a strong tall stem, and a blossom resembling mignonette; yet I think it cannot be the same plant which I saw about Neufchatel, for I supposed that to be mignonette

in its wild state, and this is a much stronger and statelier herb. There are also a few self-sown firs, the cones having been blown across the canal from the hill-side. On the right hand (going up) a great many sand martins have built in the bank, where they will do some mischief by their mining operations. We went thro' one lock; and when we were shut in between such tremendous gates on two sides, and such walls of perpendicular masonry on the other two, the situation might have afforded a hint for a Giant's dungeon. Farther up is the Regulation Lock, one such is required at the head and another at the end of each lake, according as the water may be higher or lower than in the Canal. Just above it, vessels pass into the natural stream, the body of the river being diverted by a weir to the right, that is the S.E. In this part the river forms a small lake, which perhaps might more properly be denominated a Broad; it is called Loch Dochfour. As it blew hard from the West, we landed on the North shore and proceeded on foot, near the water. Old Evan Baillie's abode, which bears the same name as the Loch, is on the rising ground where we landed—an unpretending house, which seemed

to imply, like all the lands around it, the good sense of the owner, and to promise much comfort within.

At the upper end of Loch Dochfour, on a neck of land which was formerly an island,[1] but has been joined by an embankment to the north shore for the sake of the navigation, are the ruins of a fort, oddly called Castle Spiritual, because Ghosts are believed to frequent it. There is a burial ground near, without a Kirk; and from thence they may be supposed to come. Bana ferry, the only place where the Ness used to be fordable, is a little above this ruin; and within a stone's throw of the ferry the river issues from Loch Ness.

That great Lake, 22 miles in length, and from one to two in breadth, has thrown up here, at its termination, a high beach of pebbles, ridge above ridge, upon which the waves, impelled along its whole length by a strong breeze, were breaking with a sound like the voice of the ocean. You see along

[1] In the *Survey of the Province of Moray* this ground is called a peninsula, and so it appears to have been before the river cut for itself a short way across its neck. This book says that there has been a military station there, of two small forts; and supposes the spot to be the Banatia of Ptolomy, because the name is Bana, Bona, or Buness at present.

the whole expanse; the mountainous sides, on either hand, confine the view (the finest heights are on the northern shore) and it is terminated by the mountains beyond Fort Augustus. Mhalfouroonnie, "the cold wart, or excrescence, of a hill," which we saw when we had the first view of this great opening from sea to sea, is conspicuous with its high round hump. The mountain rises "in one uniform face from the lake to the height of 3060 feet," and this round protuberance shoots up "about a fifth part higher than the general elevation." Below this young Pelion is a tarn about four acres in extent, called "the Lake of the red-bellied trout." I have never seen so large a Lake as Loch Ness, which could be seen as a whole in one unbroken line. As a whole it is more impressive than that of Neufchatel. I cannot yet tell whether any of its parts equal the Jura shore — probably not. The seat of those sons of the feeble, the Tytlers of Woodhouselie, is on the south bank, near this end of the lake. Marle is dug there, from under a bed of peat six or eight feet deep, and great quantities are sent from thence to be used in agriculture. It is cheaper than lime. The pieces which I

examined were full of very small shells, some resembling whelks, others like the fresh water muscle, but all very small.

Loch Ness has been carefully sounded, and found to be 129 fathoms deep — which is 600 feet deeper than the Moray Frith between its eastern point at Kinnairds Head, and Caithness. How can this prodigious hollow have been formed? It never freezes. The *Survey of Moray* says that "during the most intense frosts both the river and lake smoke, a thick fog hangs over them, mitigating the cold to some distance upon either side; and linens stiffened by frost are dipt in the river to be thawed." The water is said to be unwholesome, acting as a purgative upon man and beast. It cannot derive this quality from the peat mosses thro' which the feeders of the lake pass, and from which they may proceed; for peat would rather impart an opposite effect.

The carriage was awaiting us at Bana Ferry, and we returned to Inverness along the military road. That city appears to great advantage when approached on this side; the noble river Ness and its islands, on the left and in the foreground; the spires of the town, and the rising ground above it on the left, the

old bridge, which is a handsome pile of seven arches; and the Black Isle and Benwevis in the distance.

Tuesday, September 14.—This day was past at Inverness in writing letters, bringing up my journal; reading the *Survey of Moray*, and making extracts from it.

Wednesday, September 15.—Left Inverness after breakfast. R. went with Mitchell by the Glen-Morriston road, on the north side of the Lake, we by the military one on the south. There are some whimsical gardens on the hill-side, near the town—one with an oval walk, and a St Andrew's Cross for the beds within, another in some indescribable kind of polygon. The slope of the hill brings them in full sight. Odd as the fashion of these gardens is, they are pleasing objects, as evincing in the owners some love for beauty, according to their own notions of it, and leisure and means for gratifying a harmless humour. One should be sorry indeed to trust them with Pocklington's fortune, or Count Borromeo's —except in situations where no freaks could injure the character of the scene.

18 miles to Boleskin, better known by the

name of the General's Hut. The burial ground of the Lovats (so the chief family of the Frasers is still called) is not far from hence. There is not a more striking feature in Scotland than this custom of family burial grounds for the Lairds, and family burial places in the common cemeteries. And tho' it might be censured by minds of a certain temper, as neither consistent with Christian humility, nor with what is called philosophy, it were easy to shew that it has a good beginning, and a good tendency, arising in domestic feeling, and certainly leading to a feeling of nationality, as the love of our country grows out of the love of our home.

There is more of our Lake-land character upon this road than in any other part of Scotland thro' which my way has lain—rocks, fern, and heather upon the side of the green hills, the lake below, and on the opposite mountain, where the rain has laid it bare in streaks, there is the same red colouring as at Buttermere and Wasdale. The General's Hut, in which Wade is said to have lived, that is, where he had his headquarters while his troops were making the road from Fort George to Fort Augustus, is built of mud and straw, within squares of wooden framing.

If curious, or idle, or mischievous travellers had not all alike picked and scraped this into holes, the colour and gloss which have been given by peat smoke would have made the inside walls handsome as well as peculiar. In smokey kitchins the peat makes the roof and rafters black as ebony and glossy as the finest varnish, and this without any appearance of soot. The smoke is clean, and the smell, to me at least, rather agreeable than otherwise: but it attacks the eyes immediately, and that it injures them is plainly shewn by the blear eyes which are here so common among old people. A book was formerly kept at this Inn, in which all travellers, from the General's time, had inscribed their names, and many of them, as in the Albums abroad, wrote down some expression of their feelings, their opinions, or their temper. But this book was stolen by some scoundrel a few years ago. We made a good meal here upon potatoes, fresh butter, and milk. Meat and whiskey might have been had, but we preferred cooler diet.

It rained during our halt, and continued to rain heavily when the carriage stopt above the Fall of Foyers. The ladies stept from the coach upon the wall, to look down the glen, and I went with Mr Telford some way down.

It is not creditable to the owner of this property, that there should be no means of getting at the bottom of the Fall, and no safe means of obtaining a full view from any point, except from the high road, where it is so foreshortened as to be seen to great disadvantage. The water was much less than it usually is in this wet country, and far too little for the chasm, still it exceeded our waterfalls when they are in full force, and when the river is full it might perhaps bear comparison with any single fall of the Reichenbach. The accompaniments cannot be finer anywhere; everything is beautiful, and everything—woods, rocks, water, the glen, the mountains, and the lake below, in proportion. There is a higher fall, which is also a fine thing, the river plunging into a deep bason; you see it from a bridge.

General Wade's road has opened the way to the only view of the Fall of Foyers, and perhaps the General did this designedly. But in proceeding to Fort Augustus, and indeed in most, or all, of his roads, he seems to have, like other road makers, followed the old horse track, instead of surveying the country like an engineer. Very often he crosses the hill with great difficulty and

labour, when both might have been avoided by keeping the valley. It reminded me of the old nursery song:—

"Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, down-ee;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, round-ee."

This is neither agreable to horses, nor drivers, nor nervous travellers; but one who wishes to see the country gains something by it, and obtains wide prospects, and views into the recesses of the mountains, which are lost to him who keeps upon the level. Between the General's Hut and Fort Augustus the road is carried full 1500 feet above the sea, that is, half the height of Skiddaw! There is a good deal of birch-wood upon the way, and several small lakes, some of which are like our lonely tarns, others have cultivated borders, like Watenlath: there are charr in some of these. When we came in sight of our journey's end the view was very impressive; it commanded the head of Loch Ness, the river Oich which enters it, the bridge, the Fort standing alone, and the two villages, or suburbs, if so they may be called which have grown up in consequence

of the establishment of the Fort, one to the West, the other beyond the river.

About half way along Loch Ness we had seen on the opposite shore the ruins of Urquhart Castle, the *solar* of the Cummings; it stands on a point of land at the entrance of Glen Morriston. There is a considerable waterfall in that glen upon the river Morriston. The old lady to whose family that country belongs, said once to Mr Telford that many English people, and some nobles among them, came to look at her son's waterfall; "some of them," said she, "would be very glad if they had it in their country, and for my part I wish they had. For it prevents us from floating our wood down, and we tried once to remove it by breaking the rocks."

Loch Ness was violently agitated at the time of the great earthquake of 1755, which destroyed so large a part of Lisbon. The waters of the Lake were driven up the Oich more than two hundred yards, with a head like a bore or hygre, and breaking on its banks in a wave about three feet high. Thus it continued to ebb and flow for more than an hour. About eleven o'clock it drove up the river with greater force and overflowed the bank to the extent of thirty feet. A

boat near the General's Hut was three times dashed on shore, and twice carried back; it filled with water, and its load of timber was thrown ashore. But no agitation was felt on the land. Such is the account given in the *Survey of Moray*. Some future Humboldt will avail himself of it in the first geological map which shall lay down the course of earthquakes.

Mr Telford had written from Inverness to the Landlord at Fort Augustus, to secure beds, no unnecessary precaution in these touring times, especially for so large a party. But the letter had not been delivered. The Landlord had been at the post office to put in letters; and yet because he did not ask for any, the stupid people neither gave it him, nor sent it to his house, tho' it is only a few yards off. Just such another instance of negligence in the management of the post had occurred at Jean-Town. Marshal the Landlord, whom T. calls Field Marshal, is an odd humourous sort of fellow. Take about half a foot from his diminutive stature, and he would then be quite as broad as he is long; and for his figure, and his queer kind of conceited wit, he might serve for a Knight Errant's Dwarf.

Daylight enough was left before dinner would be ready to walk down to the mouth of the river, where the dredging machine was at work—an engine of tremendous power, bringing up its chain of buckets full of stones and gravel, or whatever comes in its way. The rubbish is emptied by the buckets as they revolve, upon a shoot, down which it slides into a boat; that boat they row some 50 or 60 yards out into the Lake — into 40 fathom water; and when the rubbish is let out by a trap door, the boat being suddenly lightened of its whole burthen, bounds up like a cork upon the water.

The village is a poor place; the inn most inconveniently built, and not well situated. The only good house is one which Mr Cargill (a Newcastle man, with a good-natured, intelligent face, and a genuine *burr* in his speech) the Master Mason of the stupendous works which are going on, has erected for himself. But the Fort itself is very pretty—a quiet collegiate sort of place, just fit for a University, if one were to be established, or for a Beguinage, if the times and the situation served. The guns have been lately removed; and in two places a dwelling house makes part of the wall; so that, were it not for

the embrasures, you might come pretty near the works without suspecting any military intention in the builders. However, it was military enough for its purpose, and proved an effectual check upon the wild and disaffected clans whom it was meant to curb. The Board of Ordinance have lately expended 15,000£ in repairing the works—instead of the habitations. An officer fond either of country sports, or of reading, or of quiet life and a picturesque country, would think himself well off in such quarters. But such officers are not the sort of men which our army hitherto, has usually bred: and the people who have been stationed here, have nothing to do in their profession, and being incapable of doing anything out of it, have always been engaged in petty disputes, idleness and ennui generating peevishness, discontent and ill will. It is said that the expence of sending persons from Edinburgh to examine into the mutual accusations of these poor creatures, has frequently amounted to more in the year than the whole regular cost of the garrison.

Thursday, September 16. — Went before breakfast to look at the Locks, five together, of which three are finished, the fourth about

half-built, the fifth not quite excavated. Such an extent of masonry, upon such a scale, I had never before beheld, each of these Locks being 180 feet in length. It was a most impressive and rememberable scene. Men, horses, and machines at work; digging, walling, and puddling going on, men wheeling barrows, horses drawing stones along the railways. The great steam engine was at rest, having done its work. It threw out 160 hogsheads per minute; and two smaller engines (large ones they would have been considered anywhere else) were also needed while the excavation of the lower docks was going on; for they dug 24 feet below the surface of water in the river, and the water filtered thro' open gravel. The dredging machine was in action, revolving round and round, and bringing up at every turn matter which had never before been brought to the air and light. Its chimney poured forth volumes of black smoke, which there was no annoyance in beholding, because there was room enough for it in this wide clear atmosphere. The iron for a pair of Lock-gates was lying on the ground, having just arrived from Derbyshire: the same vessel in which it was shipt at Gainsborough, landed

it here at Fort Augustus. To one like myself not practically conversant with machinery, it seemed curious to hear Mr Telford talk of the propriety of weighing these enormous pieces (several of which were four tons weight) and to hear Cargill reply that it was easily done.

Our landlord, Field Marshal Boniface, has a pet sheep, rising four years old, of the Cheviot breed, who follows him like a dog, and at the word of command puts his forefeet on the Marshal's shoulders. Tom he is called —a large powerful fellow. He was introduced to us at breakfast, but it was no very safe amusement to give him bread, for Tom, when he had had one piece, pushed on for more with a strength which it was not easy to control, and which endangered the breakfast table.

After breakfast we went to inspect the works in progress between this place and Loch Lochy. This was a singularly curious and interesting sight. What indeed could be more interesting than to see the greatest work of its kind that has ever been undertaken in ancient or modern times, in all stages of its progress—directed everywhere by perfect skill, and with no want of means.

It is remarkable that in all the excavations which have been made for the Canal (and the

Roads also) nothing has been found except a silver chain, which was near three graves, in the line of the Canal, near Inverness. The chain was very long, beautifully polished, and its links as large as those of a chain-cable; but some of the links were destroyed before the Magistrates of Inverness purchased it from a silversmith and presented it to the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh. That vestiges of art should not be found in a country which has always been savage, would of course be expected; but it is remarkable that no savage weapons, no graves (except in the instance just noticed) and no fossil remains should have been discovered. For the excavations have been of prodigious extent. Some parts of the canal in which we walked this morning, were cut forty feet below the natural surface of the ground.

The Oich has, like the Ness, been turned out of its course to make way for the Canal. About two miles from Fort Augustus is Hytra Lock, built upon the only piece of rock which has been found in this part of the cutting—and that piece just long enough for its purpose, and no longer. Unless rock is found for the foundation of a lock, an inverted arch of masonry must be formed,

at very great expence, which after all is less secure than a natural bottom. At this (the Eastern) end of Loch Oich a dredging machine is employed, and brings up 800 tons a day. Mr Hughes, who contracts for the digging and deepening, has made great improvements in this machine. We went on board, and saw the works; but I did not remain long below in a place where the temperature was higher than that of a hot house, and where machinery was moving up and down with tremendous force, some of it in boiling water.

There is a wooden bridge over the Oich, soon after it issues from the Lake. Not long ago a post chaise with two persons in it, fell thro' this bridge, and floated some way down before it took the ground, neither the men nor horses receiving any hurt.

The Carriage had been sent to wait for us at the end of Loch Oich, and we went in it the whole length of the lake on the South side. On the opposite side is the residence of Macdonell of Glengarry, near the ruins of his castle which was burnt by the King's troops after the rebellion of 1745. The Lake is between three and four miles long, and scarcely half a mile wide. Before us to the

N.W. was the finest mountain which I had yet seen in Scotland, now called, whatever its proper appellation may be, by the vile name of Glengarry's Bowling Green. I guess the Lake to be about six miles from its base, and the height to be about that of Skiddaw, rather greater than less. But nothing is so remarkable along the line of the Canal, as the straight regular opening which Nature has made for it. The highest level in the whole distance is but 96 feet above the sea, which is less than the height of Oxford Street above the river Thames. When the survey was taken, the same bearing carried the engineer thro' the whole length of the valley. One low hill near Inverness, and another near Fort Augustus are the only interruptions to the sight in looking thro' this great glen. Such an avenue between the mountains, extending from sea to sea, is in itself a noble sight, and a grand object for contemplation—it became still more so when regarded with a view to the use which is now to be made of it; after its advantages have been neglected from the creation of the hills and vallies. It was especially beautiful this day, when light showers were flying about, and there was a lovely sky-scape of soft and silvery clouds in the West.

We walked along the works between the Lakes Oich and Lochy. Here the excavations are what they call "at deep cutting," this being the highest ground in the line, the Oich flowing to the East, the Lochy to the Western sea. This part is performed under contract by Mr Wilson, a Cumberland man from Dalston, under the superintendence of Mr Easton, the resident Engineer. And here also a Lock is building. The earth is removed by horses walking along the bench of the Canal, and drawing the laden cartlets up one inclined plane, while the emptied ones, which are connected with them by a chain passing over pullies, are let down another. This was going on in numberless places, and such a mass of earth had been thrown up on both sides along the whole line, that the men appeared in the proportion of emmets to an ant-hill, amid their own work. The hour of rest for men and horses is announced by blowing a horn; and so well have the horses learnt to measure time by their own exertions and sense of fatigue, that if the signal be delayed five minutes, they stop of their own accord, without it. In one or two places covered ways are made under the mound, as passages for Glengarry's cattle to the

water, in stead of the access which they formerly enjoyed to the beck. The workmen are mostly steady industrious men, who work by the piece, and with a good will, because they are regularly paid. They have communicated some industry to the inhabitants. We saw large fields of potatoes, intended for their consumption.

We crost the beck which runs into Loch Oich, and returned along the north bank. Glengarry has erected a curious monument over a Well by the water side, to commemorate the vengeance taken by command of one of his ancestors upon seven persons who had murdered their chieftain. On the top of the monument is a hand grasping a dagger, and holding seven heads, so grouped however that they look as if they grew from the single neck of a Hindoo God, and not as if each had once belonged to a pair of shoulders of its own. The dagger is not of stone—but a real dagger, to be the better in keeping with the savage character of the story. The seven heads, according to a tradition which no doubt is true, were washed in the spring, over which this hateful monument has been erected, before they were presented to the chief in his Castle, close

by. There are four long inscriptions in English, French, Gaelic, and Latin. The French is a translation of the English, the Gaelic may probably be so likewise; but the Latin is intended for verse—and is in keeping with the story which it relates, and the sculpture above. The spring is arched over with masonry, and had very little water when we saw it. Close by is a dog kennel, which used to have a fierce inhabitant—perhaps he was hunting this day with Glengarry on the hills, that Cheftain having proclaimed his annual hunt, and annual entertainment for all Highlanders, at this time. He has a burial ground at the foot of the mountain, with a few trees about it, and a square building over the family vault. There are no other trees, and no other building near—it is therefore a striking and very interesting object. His house and grounds are beautifully situated near the point where the Garry runs into the Lake. This river we crost; and afterwards the Oich by the wooden bridge, which has been made safe since the chaise fell through. The day had been so fully occupied that it was six o'clock before we returned to our dirty quarters at Fort Augustus.

Friday, September 17. — When we went down stairs in the morning some half dozen sacks of salt were lying just within the door, which "the Gauger" had seized in the night. About half of them were replieved during the day by the summary mode of carrying them off. This illicit trade in salt grows out of the indulgence of Government in allowing it duty-free for the fisheries. The people are not content with obtaining it for this purpose, and for their own domestic use: they carry on an extensive contraband trade in it with the Lowlands, and this will probably render it necessary to deprive them of an indulgence which, being reasonable in itself, is thus grossly abused. T. and R. had writing and business which took up the whole morning, and I was employed in bringing up my journal for the last two days. About four o'clock Mr Archibald Allison, an old friend of Mr T.'s (son of the preacher and essayist) came in, and Mr Hope whom we had met at Edinburgh, the son of the Lord President, with him — pleasant and well-informed young men. They were on the circuit, and had taken this route to Inverness.

Saturday, September 18.—Our comical host every day exhibited at breakfast the fish which he intended for our dinner, and explained the difference between the river and the lake trout. The latter were much darker, and neither kind so much spotted as our English trout. I observed also that the flesh of neither (if I may speak of the flesh of fish) was so red when they came to table. As for their comparative goodness—to use that word almost as strangely as the Chicken, poor Hal Pierce (whom I remember a boy, at his mother, Nurse Pierce's house) used to do, when he estimated the goodness of men by the difficulty which he had found in beating them—I can say nothing, for they were cut across, like crimped fish, and then broiled, till the flavour, whatever it might have been, was broiled out of them. Moreover, melted butter, which the Scotch use with nothing, except fish, is in Scotland such a vile mixture of flour and butter, that it is not fit to be used with anything.

Dr Johnson says in one of his letters "the best night I have had these twenty years was at Fort Augustus." He therefore remembered the place with pleasure. And so shall I—always excepting the quarters, which

could not have been filthier in his time than they are at present. When we were preparing to set out, I was surprized by a visit from Mr Augustus Hare, whom I had seen at Bran Castle. He was now on his way southward, and had diverged hither for the sake of seeing both sides of Loch Ness.

Called at Glengarry on our way to Fort William—this was a point of unavoidable courtesy on the part of R. and T. Glengarry, Mac-Mhic-Alastair the 17th, whose name is Alexander MacDonell, received us with much civility and apparent satisfaction, saying the carriage had been ordered that morning for Mrs MacDonell to call upon Mrs Rickman and invite us to dinner. He regretted that we had not been with him yesterday at his great entertainment, saying how welcome we should have been, and how delighted also, and that tho' all natives were expected to appear in *the dress* (*the dress* is the phrase, *ut lucus a non lucendo*) strangers of course would have been admissible in their proper habiliments. Four of the visitors were still with him, his brother, now Col. MacDonell, who distinguished himself at Waterloo; an old grey-haired Major of the same name and of a

fine soldier-like appearance; and two sans-culottes, one a youth, the other a man whose hard and wrinkled face would have marked him for fifty years of age, if his hair had not been black, without the slightest intermixture of grey. Over the chimney was the key of the old Castle of Glengarry, of huge size, with an ornamented handle, and so many wards, that upon reflection I am almost inclined to suspect its authenticity. His son, a lad of about 14, was in *the dress*, with a hair cartridge-box hanging like a pocket before him, and a belt which contained in one sheath a knife and fork and a dirk. Glengarry shewed us what he called an old dirk which one of his people had found on the hills, much corroded; it was about ten inches long, and served either to cut or thrust, he said, but was intended chiefly for an overhand stab, in a manner which he exemplified. The attitude was truly savage; but the thing could never have been intended for a weapon in the proper meaning of the word; tho' it would naturally be used as such in frays, like the *faca* in Brazil. Its right use I suppose to have been for hunting, and that it was such a knife as Sir Tristram carried in his youth, for performing his office, as soon as the deer

was taken. The annual meeting had not been numerously attended, or we should have heard of the numbers. Three deer were killed during the two days' hunt; one he brought down himself with a rifle, the buck having been driven towards him, as usual, that the Chieftain might have the honour of the shot; his chief huntsman killed another; the third was seized by the dogs. The dog which first fastened on him was pointed out to us when the whole pack were exhibited. They were all of one kind; of the greyhound make, but neither quite so large, nor quite so slender; and most of them shaggy—as wild in appearance as the mountains upon which they pursued their prey.

It rained when we alighted at Glengarry's door, but cleared up during our stay, so that when we proceeded we were able to copy the inscriptions on his strange monument. I wrote down the Latin and the French, while R. copied the Gaelic—for the English we relied upon a copy which T. possesses. The Latin and the Gaelic I have since found printed by their author in a little book entitled *Eveni Lachlanidæ, Abriensis, Carminum Liber Unus:* Abredonia 1816—and from thence I now transcribe them.

Haec documenta dabit ventura in saecla columna,
Ut dirum luerit perfida turba nefas,
Quae quondam,[1] hospitii calcatis legibus, ausa est
Keppochios crudâ tingere caede lares,
Sanguine quae exanimes pueros foedare parentum
Gestiit, et vacuam reddere stirpe domum.
Non tulit Omnipotens; armat sed vindice ferro
Quem coluit soboles clara Donella patrem
Glengariden.[2] Jubet ille; volat cita fulminis alis,
Demetit et trepidos Ultio justa reos,
Impiaque abducens sontum capita, arcis in aulâ
Illustris Domini conjicit ante pedes,
Lota prius tenui quae juxta allabitur undâ;
Hinc *Capitum*[3] *Fontem* prisca loquela vocat.
Glengaridûm insigni numeror qui stemmate proles
Septima post[4] decimam, jura paterna tenens,
Dictus *Alistriades*,[5] generis Phylarcha Donelli
Hanc volui memorem criminis esse notam.

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[1] Ineunte fere saeculo decimo sexto. Upon the monument this note is inserted in the place to which it refers, thus—to the strange dislocation of the verse:—

> Quae quondam, ineunte fere saeculo decimo sexto
> Hospitii calcatis legibus, ausa est
> Keppochios, etc.

[2] Lord Macdonell and Aross. [3] Tobar nan Ceann.

[4] *post vigesimam* on the monument. The monument has also *conficit* for conjicit, and Lola for lota, but these are blunders of the stone cutter.

[5] The XVIIth Mac-Mhic-Alastair.

N.B.—*Pulcherrimam Joannis Lomii carmen de hac luctuosa coede typis vulgavit Patricius Turnerus.* Edin. 8vo, 1813.

CLACH-CHUIMHNE GHLINNE-GARADH A THA AIG TOBAR NAN CEANN.

Fhir astair! thig faisg is leubh
Sgéul air ceartas an De bhuain;
Eisd ri diol na ceilg' a dh' fhàg
A Cheapach 'na Làraich fhuair.
Sgaoil na milltich lion an Eig
Mu bhord éibhinn nam fleadh fial;
'S mheasgnaich iad an sean 's na h-òig
'S an aon torr, 'na 'm fuil gun ghiomh.
Mhosgail Corruich an t-Ard-Thriath,
Ursann dhian nan comhlan[1] cruaidh,
Mor-fhear Chlann-Domhnuill an fhraoich,
Leóghunn[2] nan éuchd, Craobh nam buadh;
Dh' iarr e, 's chaidh Dioghailt 'na leum
Mar bheithir bhéumnaich nan neal
Ghlac i 'n dream a dheilbh an fhoill,
'S thug làn-duais, mar thoill an gniomh.
Làmh riut, 's a ghorm-fhuaran ghrinn,
Dh' ionnlaideadh seachd cinn nan lùb,
'S aig casaibh a Ghaisgich àigh
Thilgeadh iad air làr a dhuin.
Corr is Coig fichead bliadhn-déug
Thriall mu'n Speur bho dheas gu tuath,
Bho'n ghairmeadh Tobar nan Ceann
Do'n t-shruthan so'n cainnt an t-shluaigh.
Mise 'n Seachdamh thair dheich gluin
Do fhrèumh ùiseil an Laoich thréin,
MAC-MHIC-ALASTAIR m'ainm gnaiths,
Flath Chlann Domhnuill nan sàr-euchd,

[1] Connlan. [2] Leomhann.

Thog mi 'chlach s' air lom an raoin,
Faisg air caochan a chliu bhuain,
Mar mheàs do Cheann-Stuic nan Friath
'S gun cuimhnicht 'an gniomh ri luaths.

En memoire | De la grande et prompte | Vengeance | Qui dirigée, selon le cours rapide | De la Justice Feodale | Par les ordres de | Lord McDonell et Aross, | Atteignit les auteurs | De l'horrible assassinat | De la Famille Keppoch; | Une branche du puissant et illustre | Clan | Dont sa Seigneurie etoit | Le Chef, | Ce monument est erigé par | Le Colonel McDonell de Glengarry | Son Successeur et representant. | L'An du Seigneur | 1812. | Les tetes des sept Meurtrieres | Furent portées aux pieds du | Noble Chef | Dans le Chateau de Glengarry. | Apres avoir eté lavées | Dans cette fontaine. | Et depuis cet evenement, | Qui eut lieu | Les premieres annees du 16e siecle, | Elle a toujours eté connue | Sous le nom de | La Fontaine des Tetes.

As a Memorial | Of the ample and summary | Vengeance, | Which in the swift course of | Feudal Justice, | Inflicted by the orders of | The Lord McDonell and Aross, | Overtook the perpetrators of | The foul Murder | of | The Keppoch Family, | A Branch of | The Powerful and Illustrious | Clan | Of which his Lordship was | The Chief. | This Monument is erected by | Colonel McDonell of Glengarry, | XVII Mac-Mhic-Alaister, | His Successor and Representative, | In the year of our Lord | 1812. | The heads of the Seven Murderers | Were presented at the feet of |

The Noble Chief, | In Glengarry Castle | After having been washed | In this Spring; | And ever since that event | Which took place early in | The sixteenth Century, | It has been known by | The Name of | Tobar-nan-Ceann, | or | The Well of the Heads.

That our knowledge of this extraordinary monument might be compleat, we procured a translation of the Gaelic inscription, rightly supposing that it was likely to be the best of the four.

Traveller approach and read
A tale of the justice of the everlasting God:
Listen to the requital of the treachery which converted
Keppoch into a cold habitation!
The destroyers spread the snare of death
Round the glad table of the bounteous feasts;
And confounded the old and the young
In the same heap, in their stainless blood.
Roused was the sudden wrath of the Chief,
The defending pillar of the hardy heroes;
The Lord of the McDonells, whose badge is the heath,
The Lion of Renown, The Tree of Virtues.
He ordered, and Revenge darted forth,
Like the destructive thunderbolt of the clouds;
She seized the devisors of the treachery
And rendered ample recompense, as their deed deserved.
Near thee, in the blue clear fountain
Were wash'd the seven deceitful heads.
And at the feet of the famous Hero
Were they thrown, on the floor of his Castle.

More than fifteen score of years
Have revolved round the sky from South to North
Since this stream was called The Well of the Heads
In the language of the people.
I am the seventeenth descendant
From the noble root of the mighty Hero,
Mac-mhic-alastair my patronymic,
Chief of the McDonells of the lofty deeds.
I reared this Stone on the bare field,
Hard by the brook of lasting renown,
As a respect for the Head of Heroes,
And that the deed might be held in lasting remembrance.

We now retraced the road which we had gone over on Thursday, till we came to the head of Loch Lochy. This Lake is narrower than Loch Ness, and hardly half so long, the mountains on both sides furrowed by the rains, but for the most part green. Halted at Letter-Findlay, a single house, which is said to have been much improved of late; it is not easy to believe that it can ever have been dirtier or more uncomfortable than it is now: however, we made a good fire, and got biscuits, cheese, milk, and whiskey. The road (a military one, now under the care of the Commissioners) soon leaves the side of the Lake, and proceeds over a wild country. It

crosses the Speyne[1] by what is properly called High Bridge: the bridge is in a perilous state, and it will be well if it stands till the Commissioners effect their object of turning this road to join the Laggan road, where a new bridge has been erected over the same river. We soon came in sight of Ben Nevis, a precipitous, rugged, stony, uninviting mountain, looking as if it had been riven from the summit to the base, and half of it torn away. It is an aweful mass, and may well be called Big Ben—yet not the greatest of all Bens; for the Ben of Bens is Ben Jonson. Reached Fort William at six, leaving on our right the ruins of Inverlochie Castle (the residence of barbarous Kings in barbarous times) and passing by a burial ground which is open to the road.

Sunday, September 19.—The establishment of the Canal is at Corpach, on the other side the water. Two necks of low land form the division between Loch Eil and Linnhe Loch, at Covan Ferry (much as at Fort George). From that ferry, Loch Eil, upon which Fort William stands, runs about ten miles from S.W. to N.E., and then makes a bend of

[1] Spean.

nearly equal length to the W. or W.N.W. The river Lochy enters at the elbow. About a mile from the town is a ferry over the river, with new piers: a bridge might easily be built there. The distance across the Loch from Fort William to Corpach, which stands at the bend, on the N.E. side, is a mile and three quarters; there are no piers, and we were carried to and from the boat on men's shoulders. We landed close to the Sea-lock; which was full, and the water running over; a sloop was lying in the fine bason above; and the canal was full as far as the Staircase, a name given to the eight successive locks. Six of these were full and overflowing; and when we drew near enough to see persons walking over the lock-gates, it had more the effect of a scene in a pantomime, than of any thing in real life. The rise from lock to lock is eight feet, 64 therefore in all; the length of the locks, including the gates and abutments at both ends, 500 yards—the greatest piece of such masonry in the world, and the greatest work of its kind, beyond all comparison.

A panorama painted from this place would include the highest mountain in Great Britain, and its greatest work of art. That work is one of which the magnitude and importance

become apparent when considered in relation to natural objects. The Pyramids would appear insignificant in such a situation, for in them we should perceive only a vain attempt to vie with greater things. But here we see the powers of nature brought to act upon a great scale, in subservience to the purposes of man: one river created, another (and that a huge mountain stream) shouldered out of its place, and art and order assuming a character of sublimity. Sometimes a beck is conducted under the canal, and passages, called culvers, serve as a road way for men and beasts. We walked thro' one of these, just lofty enough for a man of my stature with his hat on: it had a very singular effect to see persons emerging from this dark, long, narrow vault. Sometimes a brook is taken in; a cess-pool is then made to receive what gravel it may bring down: after it has past this pool the water flows thro' three or four little arches, and then over a paved bed and wall of masonry, into the Canal. These are called intakes, and opposite them an outlet is sometimes made for the waters of the canal, if they should be above their proper level, or when the cross stream may bring down a rush. These

outlets consist of two inclined planes of masonry, one rising from the canal, with a pavement, or waste weir between them; and when the cross stream comes like a torrent, instead of mingling with the canal, it passes straight across. But these channels would be insufficient for carrying off the whole surplus waters in time of floods. At one place therefore there are three sluices, by which the whole canal from the Staircase to the Regulating Lock (about six miles) can be lowered a foot in an hour. The sluices were opened that we might see their effect. We went down the bank, and made our way round some wet ground, till we got in front of the strong arch into which they open. The arch is about 25 feet high, of great strength, and built upon the rock. What would the Bourbons have given for such a cascade at Aranjuez or Versailles! The rush, and the spray and the force of the water reminded me more of the Reichenbach than of any other fall. That three small sluices, each only four feet by three, should produce an effect which brought the mightiest of the Swiss waterfalls to my recollection may appear almost incredible — or at least like an enormous exaggeration. But the

prodigious velocity with which the water is forced out by the pressure above explains the apparent wonder. And yet I beheld it only in half its strength, the depth above being at this time ten feet, which will be twenty when the canal is compleated. In a few minutes a river was formed, of no inconsiderable breadth, which ran like a torrent into the Lochy.

On this part of the Canal everything is compleated, except that the iron bridges for it, which are now on their way, are supplied by temporary ones. When the middle part shall be finished, the Lochy which at present flows in its own channel, above the Regulating Lock, will be dammed there, and made to join the Speyne by a new cut from the Lake. The cut is made, and a fine bridge built over it. We went into the cut, and under the bridge which is very near the intended point of junction. The string-courses were encrusted with stalactites in a manner singularly beautiful. Under the arches a strong mound of solid masonry is built to keep the water in dry seasons at a certain height; but in that mound a gap is left for the salmon, and a way made thro' the rocks from the Speyne to this gap, which they will soon find out.

The houses which the Commissioners have built by the locks are very neat, and may serve as good models to the people of the country.

Mitchell was on horseback, T. and R. were in M.'s gig, and I was in Mr Wilson's, who drove me. We got upon the Lochy-side road, and went as far as Auchnacarrie, the house of Cameron of Lochiel, and the termination of Loch Arkeg. The view of Loch Lochy upon the way is finer than that from the southern side. After crossing the Arkeg, which is a fine torrent, the road enters upon what is called the Dark Mile. Dark enough it must have been, when there was only a horse path thro' the woods; but the scenery is not such as this appellation would lead a traveller to expect. There are some very fine crags on the right, but they are at some distance from the road—perhaps half a mile; on the left there is a high park wall. Loch Arkeg, where the road terminates, is at this end finer than any Scotch lake which I have seen, except Loch Kattren. It is 18 miles in length. The owner of this lake, and of the whole beautiful country round, is a poor creature wholly unworthy of his fortune. The family estate when it was restored produced 500£ a year; it now produces 7000£.

3000£ are settled upon his wife who lives about Edinburgh, separate from him. The estate is in the hands of trustees, and he lives miserably in London upon 600£ a year, kept needy by his debauched course of life, and eking out this pittance by cutting down his woods! The roads at this time are almost destroyed by the carriage of his timber.

The restoration of the forfeited estates has produced no good in the Highlands. As an act of grace it carried with it not the appearance only, but the reality of great injustice, in restoring those families who were implicated in the rebellion of 1745, and not the sufferers of 1715, who had surely more claim to indulgence. Far better would it have been for the country in general, and especially for the poor Highlanders, if the estates had been retained as Crown lands, and leased accordingly, or even sold to strangers. The Highland Laird partakes much more of the Irish character than I had ever been taught to suppose. He has the same profusion, the same recklessness, the same rapacity; but he has more power, and he uses it worse; and his sin is the greater, because he has to deal with a sober, moral, well-disposed people, who if they were treated with common

kindness, or even common justice, would be ready to lay down their lives in his service. The virtues of the feudal system are not extinct among them. Some fifty land-Leviathans may be said to possess the Highlands; for the number of smaller heritors, or rather the land which is occupied by them, is comparatively a mere nothing. A few of these are desirous of improving their own estates by bettering the condition of their tenants. But the greater number are fools at heart, with neither understanding nor virtue, nor good nature to form such a wish. Their object is to increase their revenue, and they care not by what means this is accomplished. If a man improve his farm, instead of encouraging him, they invite others to outbid him in the rent; or they dispeople whole tracks to convert them into sheep-farms. Whereas if they would offer beneficial leases to their tenants, and let out their waste ground, as Evan Baillie is doing, to men who are willing to bring it into cultivation, such is the disposition of the Highlanders (manifested by them wherever they have opportunity to manifest it) that in half a century the Highland vallies would be as well cultivated as any part of England.

The mountains where they afford anything, can necessarily afford nothing but wood and pasture. And it would be better if the people would give up altogether the cultivation of grain, and cease to contend with nature. For pasture and green crops no country can be better adapted. They should look to their live stock, to their wool (which they should learn to spin and to knit, like the Welsh) and—when they have learnt cleanliness —to their dairies. And they should depend upon potatoes as the staff of life, rather than bread. He who could introduce among them the use of sour krout would be their benefactor; for cabbage will keep in this state as long as may be required; and is a plant which they might cultivate with advantage both for their cattle and themselves.

I went back on the S. side of the river with R. in Mitchell's gig. Had the distance been a few miles farther, I believe neither my poor pantaloons, nor my poorer flesh, nor the solid bones beneath, could have withstood the infernal jolting of this vehicle, tho' upon roads as smooth as a bowling green. As for M., he is so case-hardened that if his horse's hide and his own were tanned, it may be doubted which would make the thickest and

toughest leather. But for me—*Pone me nigris ubi nulla campis*, etc.—in short *pone me* anywhere, except in Mitchell's gig.

We returned to dinner so late, that before we rose from table it was nearly ten o'clock.

Monday, September 20.—Left the Ladies, and went in the coach eleven miles along the Laggan road. Crost the new bridge over the Speyne (one of Wilson's building) and proceeded to a smaller bridge over the Roy. Mitchell and Wilson were on horseback, and while their horses rested M. urged us to go three or four miles farther along the road, which is but just finished, for the purpose of seeing it; by way of inducement, he added that there were some good falls to be seen. He had reason to be proud of the road, which is made with consummate skill and care. Davison was the contractor; an honest, plain, contented man, who works with his workmen, places all his pride and pleasure in performing his work well, and has lost by several of his contracts. If ours were not an *economical* government, such a man would be not merely reimbursed, but remunerated as he deserves—but as things are, he must put up with his loss for his pains. These roads when they are

cut thro' the rock, or have the high bank turfed on one side, and are walled up and parapetted on the other, are beautiful works of art; and even when they have no picturesque features of this kind, you cannot look forward or backward upon them without a sense of order, and care and fitness, which is a pleasure of no mean degree. The valley of the Speyne is very pleasing. The part which Mitchell praised shows that there was formerly a lake there, and that the river has worked for itself a deep and narrow channel thro' the rocks. In one part of these streights there is a natural weir, formed by a single stone, like a huge slate set upright, with deep water on the upper side. One of the falls will be destroyed whenever this thin barrier shall give way.

Returning to Roy Bridge we mounted on horseback, having Mr Wilson for our guide, and proceeded to Glen Roy for the sake of seeing the Parallel Roads. In no part of our journey could fine weather have been more desirable, and never was there a finer day. Glen Roy is the loveliest glen which I have seen in Scotland; it is very narrow, beautifully green, and has a clear, sparkling stream, and the ascent for 100 or 150 yards is thickly

sprinkled with alders growing, not like bushes, but like trees in an orchard. The Parallel Roads are among the most extraordinary objects in Europe or in the world. How would they have excited the astonishment and the speculations of learned men if they had been discovered in Asia or America! Humboldt would have travelled to the Antipodes to see them. They are three broad and distinct terraces strongly defined, upon both sides of the glen, and of those glens which communicate with it; all at a great height, perfectly level, and perfectly parallel with each other, extending as far as we could see, which was several miles, and comprising in all not less than an hundred miles. It would not have been possible to visit this extraordinary scene with better companions, than such a surveyor as Mr Telford, such a practical workman as Wilson, and such a clear, quick, accurate scrutinizer as R., the strongest-headed and most sagacious man whom I have ever known. I shall here transcribe his account of it.

"To see the Parallel Roads of Glen Roy without too much fatigue, it is necessary to have a Highland Poney in waiting at the Keppoch Inn, near the bridge which was

built over the river Roy in 1817. From this bridge, a country road leads northward up Glen Roy. From the Roy bridge itself, looking southward, faint traces are visible of a single road winding round the middle height of the mountains. Ascending the glen, about two miles from the bridge, all the surrounding hills and glens are more and more distinctly marked with one, two, or three roads, parallel with each other and horizontal; the upper road originating near the sources of the rivers Spey and Roy, and passing down Glen Roy and its side glens to a distance of eleven or twelve miles. The middle road, always 80 feet perpendicular below the upper road, commences about two miles lower than it in the glen, and accompanies it, generally speaking, about 7 miles down the proper Glen Roy. The lower road, always 200 feet perpendicular below the middle road, commences about two miles lower in the glen, and continues to accompany the other two for five miles on each side of the glen.

"None of the distances above mentioned include the many windings of these roads, which may be estimated by considering how far a line must be carried to maintain its level

in a rugged country; so that their whole length exceeds in the aggregate 100 miles: their breadth appears to have been from 30 to 70 feet.

"A road passing six miles up the sides of Glen Gloy (which connects from the westward with Glen Roy) is horizontal in itself, but not on the same level as any of the before-mentioned roads, being 20 feet higher than the highest of them. It is separated from them by marshy ground, so high as to cut off the direct view from level to level; requiring therefore a transfer of level, which cannot be accomplished at all without using something equivalent to a plumb line; nor very accurately with that, if not suitably adapted to modern surveying instruments."

The theory which attempts to account for these roads by the action of water had never for a moment appeared tenable, and here upon the spot its absurdity was at once seen and demonstrated: for, as Mr Telford pointed out, it was manifest that the roads had been made since the ravines—to use no farther argument. In one place he and Wilson, on their former visit, observed a rock which had certainly been broken by art; on such a point Wilson's judgement is like that of a Lord

Chancellor in law. R. too was satisfied of the fact, when the rock was shewn him.

For what can these surprizing roads have been made? A genuine Ossian would probably have informed me. The only information which can now be hoped for, must be sought from etymology. It is likely that the hills and glens retain in their names some allusion to the actions of which they were the theatre. T. and R. will use means for obtaining these names and their interpretation; and I think they will confirm our conjecture that these roads were intended for a display of barbarous magnificence in hunting.

We rode up the hill, and along one of the roads as far as was practicable, then sent the beasts to wait for us in the country road below, and thus we advanced about six miles in all, from Roy Bridge; then descended to the bottom, remounted, and returned along that beautiful glen. Keppoch, the scene of the murder recorded by Glengarry's monument, is near the bridge; it is now a tolerably good house. We returned to a late dinner. A note came from the Rev'd Hector Allan requesting he might be permitted to see me. I returned for answer that I would call on him at 10 o'clock on the morrow.

Tuesday, September 21.—The fort here is not so pleasantly situated as that at Fort Augustus, nor so picturesque in itself; but it is the only decent part of this place. The town is one long, mean, filthy street; the inn abominably dirty; worse even, in this respect than the Field Marshal's, which was worse than any of our former quarters. We are in a spacious room, about 36 feet by 18, with an ornamented cieling, from which the white-lime is peeling off. There are several panes of bulls-eye glass in the windows, two or three patched panes, and one broken one. The sashes are not hung—this indeed is the case everywhere. In one corner of the room is a bed, behind a folding screen. T. occupies this bed, and I have one upon the floor; we arranged matters thus the first night, rather than either of us would sleep in a double-bedded room, where the other bed was occupied by a gentleman and his son. This is the only inn in which we have met with dishonesty in wine, Cape having been produced here for Sherry; but the Port, as it is every-where, is good. Everywhere else we have had cream; here they say it is never to be had. They are out of bread at this time, for want of *barm*, a word which is in use here

as well as in Somersetshire. The spoons are some iron, some pewter. Even at Inverness, where everything else was good, the spoons were not silver. In the poorer inns the sheets are generally calico; and in most places the towels are pieces of thin calico, hardly larger than doylies.

Mr Allan proved to be a very young man, of pleasing countenance. After my visit he sent me a civil note, and a few pamphletts with some poems by Miss Campbell, a Shetland poetess; and a Gaelic grammar from one of his friends. The remainder of the morning was employed upon this journal, while T. was busy with his accounts at Corpach. He brought from thence an unfinished plan of the Parallel Roads by Mr Easton, who is the Superintendant of the Canal on this side, as Mr Davison is on the other. When it is compleated and made as correct as possible, T. intends to have it engraved.

R. brought from Corpach this inscription; the monument whereon it is inscribed is visible from Fort William: "Sacred to the Memory of Colonel John Cameron, Eldest son of Sir Ewan Cameron of Fassefern, Bart.: whose mortal remains, transported from the field of glory where he died, rest

here with those of his forefathers. During twenty years of active military services, with a spirit which knew no fear, and shunned no danger, he accompanied or led in marches, in sieges, in battles, the gallant 92d regiment of Scottish Highlanders, always to honour, almost always to victory; and at length in the forty second year of his age, upon the memorable 16th day of June, A.D. 1815, was slain in the command of that corps while actively contributing to achieve that decisive victory of Waterloo, which gave peace to Europe; thus closing his military career, with the long and eventful struggle in which his services had been so often distinguished. He died lamented by that unrivalled General to whose long train of success and victory he had so often contributed; by his Country from which he had repeatedly received marks of the highest consideration; and by his Sovereign who graced his surviving family with those marks of honour which could not follow to this place him whose merit they were designed to commemorate. Reader, call not his fate untimely who thus honoured and lamented closed a life of fame by a death of glory." A public service as well as a private duty is performed in erecting such

monuments—anywhere they must be regarded with interest, but especially in a scene like this.

The Parnassia Palustris is common in Scotland, but seldom, I think, is so large as with us in Cumberland. The best specimens which I have met with were on the hill, high up, about the Parallel Roads. I have seen no club-moss; no stone fern, and very little of the lichen geographicus; there is some on the Picts House, but it is not vivid. On the hill side in Glen Roy I observed some fine specimens of a rare lichen, a greenish cream colour, with liver-coloured tubercles. The yew must be a rare tree in Scotland for I have never seen it in a wild state, and I am not sure that I have seen the holly. Stinging nettles are not common.

Our own Lakes will appear to advantage after the Scotch, just as they appear to a disadvantage after the Swiss and Italian, being as much superior in their accompaniments of fertility and beauty to the former, as they are inferior to the latter. The Scotch lakes usually fill the valley—as if, for example, Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite were united and widened, from the foot of Barrow, Whinlatter and Withop, to the foot of Skiddaw—

more than is gained in magnitude is lost in beauty — the human, habitable scenery is wanting. There is a monotony in woods of birch which accords with the simple, sombre, severe character of the Scotch Lakes: the leaves are too small and too twinkling to mass together in any point of view; and their colour at this season, before the slightest autumnal change is perceptible, very nearly resembles that of the hills. Where they are thinly sprinkled, they reminded me both in their hue and manner of growth of the stunted ilex in Extremadura.

We asked if our linen was ready; and the reply was that they were *toasting* it.

Wednesday, September 22. — When Mr Telford paid the bill, he gave the poor girl who had been waiter, chambermaid, and probably cook in chief also, a twenty shillings bill. I shall never forget the sudden expression of her countenance and her eyes when she understood that it was for herself. It instantly brought Wordsworth's lines to my mind:—

> I have heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
> With coldness still returning;
> Alas, the gratitude of man
> Has oftener left me mourning.

The road to Balichulish Ferry lies for about nine or ten miles along the side of Loch Eil, and in some places requires a parapet; for it is everywhere very narrow, and being merely the military road repaired, but nowhere altered, often passes over an eminence which might easily have been avoided. We alighted at Coran Ferry, and while R. went across with M. and Willy to look at the pier on the opposite side, the rest of us amused ourselves on the rocky shores of the great Linnhe Loch. It was low water and we found matter enough for amusement and wonder. Every rock and every stone was either studded, or compleatly encrusted with barnacles and limpits, for the most part very small. Periwinkles, small whilks, and many varieties of smaller shell fish were in abundance among the sea weed. There was a sort of sea slug, most of them about the size of the common large slug, but shorter and thicker in proportion—one which I saw was as large as a middling-sized apple. There was also a white gelatinous creature growing to the rocks and stones almost in the manner that that ligneous kind of fungus grows upon an old tree, but more resembling a tape worm than anything else. Here were young crabs

in plenty, small soldier crabs in periwinkle shells; star fish, one of five arms and of a whitish colour, and a red one with thirteen—for the first time I had full opportunity of seeing the motion of these creatures in the water—two sea snakes about six inches in length, with black eye-like spots on each side the back bone, two and two at equal distances; they sought to secrete themselves under the stones, and when they were touched and driven into a pool of water, they splashed about with great force, as if that violent motion were their means of defence—some green gelatinous tubular substances (rather too hard to be properly called gelatinous, tho' I know not how else to describe them) adhering to the rocks; lastly one of those globular jellies which I have sometimes seen dead on the beach, and sometimes alive from a ship's deck; but never before was able to observe closely, in its natural state and freedom. It opened itself like a cup and then almost closed again; this was done with a slow and not ungraceful motion, and as it opened the works, if so they may be called, of this organized jelly became visible—of a purple colour, not so distinctly defined in the middle as in the veins and filaments which

ramified from thence toward the circumference. I could not have enjoyed a more lively pleasure in all this if I had been five and thirty years younger, and I think Mrs R. and Miss Emma enjoyed it quite as much.

Here the road turns aside from Loch Eil, at the place where it joins the Linnhe Loch, and crosses the peninsula to Loch Leven, another inlet of the sea, connected with the great Linnhe Loch by a narrow straight (not more than half a mile across at high water) at Balachulish Ferry. The distance is four miles, and the country of a more cultivated and warmer appearance than any we had lately seen, well wooded with hazel, ash and alder, and thorns of every kind, and having cultivated fields close to the sea beach. In some of these fields heaps of sea weed, collected for manure, were lying on the part from which the harvest had been carried; and fishing nets were extended to dry over the shocks of oats. We came, when we drew near the Ferry, upon a bank about forty feet above high water, evidently thrown up by the sea, because it consists of the same stones and gravel as the beach itself. The bank itself is cultivated, but on the other side is a peat moss.

There is a small Inn on this side of the ferry, and another on the opposite shore. The first is much cleaner, and consequently much more comfortable than the house at Fort William, or than the Field Marshal's. Indeed the quarters in these parts were truly characterized by Wordsworth, when he said of them, in Barnabean, but sober verse :—

Fort Augustus
Did disgust us,
And Fort William did the same
At Letter Finlay
We fared thinly;
At Balachulish
We looked foolish
Wondering why we thither came.

The weather luckily was not such as to make us look foolish at this formidable ferry; and the Inn is in better condition than he found it.

We walked up the Loch to enjoy the glorious mountain scenery by which we were surrounded, for certainly this is one of the finest spots we have seen, or can expect to see. Yet even the mountains of Glencoe will not leave with me a more vivid recollection than a solitary sea bird, which while we were sitting upon a little rocky knoll, dived

into the water just below us, and when it emerged shook its wings, turned up its white breast, which actually seemed to flash like silver in the light, and sported so beautifully and so happily, that I think few sportsmen could have pulled a trigger to destroy so joyous a creature.

A plant of which there are two kinds, one red, the other green, grows upon the stones above high water; it is salt and crisp; I suppose it to be a sort of samphire, but whatever it is, if it be not unwholesome, it would make an agreable pickle. At dinner apple sauce with currant jelly was served up as a separate dish.

The evening was glorious. To the west the Linnhe Loch lay before us, bounded by the mountains of Morvern. Between those two huge mountains, which are of the finest outline, there is a dip somewhat resembling a pointed arch inverted; and just behind that dip the sun, which had not been visible during the day, sunk in serene beauty, without a cloud; first with a saffron, then with a rosey light, which embued the mountains, and was reflected upon the still water up to the very shore beneath the window at which we stood, delighted in beholding it. It is

only at the equinox that the sun sets just behind that opening; and it is but seldom that so clear and spotless a sky is to be seen in these latitudes. The effect was such that I could almost have wished I were a believer in Ossian.

The carriage, the gig, and the horses were sent across, and the rest of the party crossed also, leaving T. and myself on this side. We were obliged thus to divide, because neither house was large enough to supply beds for the whole company. It is a perilous ferry. The tide, having ten miles of lake to fill above the straight, presses thro' with great rapidity. The passage is impracticable with a strong westerly wind; with a strong easterly one very difficult. And there are no means for embarking horses or carriage with convenience, so that travellers who know the place always look on to this passage with apprehension. Dr Wood told me at Perth that he had a horse drowned here two years ago. The circumstance was well remembered. The animal being restive, and restless in the boat, jumped over, and in so doing knocked the coachman overboard. The other horse, a poor quiet creature and used to follow his companion implicitly, plunged into the water

after them; the coachman caught hold of this poor horse, and losing all consideration in fear for himself, got astride his neck, by which he kept his head down, and drowned him; but his own life was saved, and so was the other beast.

Thursday, September 23.—I observed these names written with a pencil on the window shutter, Henri de Ravaillac, and Pierre Marat. It is worthy of notice, as showing what kind of spirits are abroad.

We rose early enough to be on the south side of the water by half past six. The tide was running very strong, and carried us far above the landing place, but we then easily made way along the shore by favour of the eddy. The Landlord who assisted in rowing told us he had lived eighteen years with Lochiel, and bore testimony that during all that time Lochiel had borne and deserved the character of a kind-hearted and amiable man. It appeared to him utterly unaccountable how he could have been so entirely changed; for he has treated his wife so as to render a separation necessary, lives with a woman servant, and has wasted his property.

The rest of the party not being ready to

start, T. and I walked forward. The road for two or three miles winds along the side of Loch Leven. The water is beautifully transparent; and as we stopt and looked over a high parapet to enjoy the fine view of mountains all around, we saw one of the globular jelly fish just below, making more way in the water than we should have thought it capable of making, had we judged only from yesterday's observation. Past some slate quarries, and a small poor village close by. A boy about four years old was standing at one of the doors, with no other clothing than half a shirt. A sloop was lying off shore, to load, I suppose, with slate; sometimes they take wool for their lading, and slate for ballast.

Here the road leaves the Loch, and enters a valley which is the vestibule to Glencoe—a beautiful scene. It may be likened to Borrodale; the hills are higher, but they are bare, and the vale is certainly inferior in beauty, as much as the surrounding heights are superior in magnitude. The glen may be compared to the pass from Buttermere to Borrodale; but it is longer and upon a greater scale. We saw it in fine weather, when all the mountain rills and ravines were dry,

and the stream itself had consequently little water: but in storms and rainy seasons it is a terrific place. On the fourth of this month, when we were on the road to Dingwall, we saw that there was bad weather in the West. Garrow, who inspects the Argyleshire roads, and who joined us this morning in Glencoe, told us there had been a storm here on that day greater than any for twelve years. An old man, an inhabitant of the glen, assured him that the sparks from the stones which were brought down from the mountain seemed to sheet the hill sides with fire (exaggerated as this must be, I think it right to repeat it as it was said) and that at night the people got their cattle ready to drive off at any moment, lest they should be overwhelmed in their houses, for they thought that "the whole hills were coming down upon them."

About half way up the Glen is a small lake. There has evidently been a larger one, before the river made its way thro' the barrier. The mountains are almost as bare, indented, furrowed, and *serrated* as those about Aix in Savoy. One point is called the Devil's head; another his Teeth. It is now become impossible to maintain a good road thro' Glencoe, because of the rapid wreck of

the mountains, which goes on, year after year, with increasing rapidity. An old shepherd of the country tells Mitchell that 25 years ago the hill sides here were green, and without screes. They are now cut into innumerable small ravines, down every one of which the screes are brought by the rain, and wherever a torrent brings them across the road, the road is immediately rendered impassable. It would hardly have been passable for our carriage, if Garrow, and McGregor (the contractor) knowing of our coming, had not employed their men yesterday to clear the way for us. We found the men at work. But where there are now ten or twelve of these petriferous torrents (let me use a Johnsonian word for brevity)—there will be ten times as many in another year; for there are an infinite number on the way. No care can guard against them; and the only remedy must be to look for a better line of road—which may easily be found, and which will have the desirable effect of avoiding Balachulish Ferry.

The Honistar pass is in some points finer than Glencoe; the glen is narrower, the stream therefore larger in proportion; the ascent is more continuously steep, therefore

the stream has a more rapid course; and the bottom is interspersed with huge stones, and tabular masses of stone, like the Mesa dos Ladrones, or Robber's Table, between Ourem and Thomar. But the upper end of Glencoe admits of no comparison; it has a grand character of desolation, not to be found in our happier Land of Lakes. When you reach the head another glen is seen on the right, leading over a halse to Loch Etive, and thence to the Western Sea. About three miles on the summit, $14\frac{3}{4}$ from the ferry, is the Kings House, a solitary inn, upon level ground, about 1200 feet above the level of the sea.

There were two beds in the room wherein we breakfasted. For the first time upon our journey, the house could supply no bread, but in apprehension of this at other places we had brought on loaves from Fort Augustus. There were, however, turkey as well as hen's eggs, a shoulder of lamb, and cream for the tea, which we had not found either at the Ferry or Fort William. Both here and at the Ferry there was handsome English china. Goats are kept here, and they make goat hams, which I was desirous of tasting, but they had none drest, nor in a state for carrying

on, for they were in salt, and had not yet been smoked. The level on which the house stands may be considered as part of the Moor of Rannoch, the most elevated level in this part of the Highlands, from whence the waters flow in all directions, East, West, and North and South. It is a tract of peat and gravel with detached pieces and crags of granite. I saw a few specimens of the lichen geographicus, which is so common and so beautiful in Cumberland.

A great contraband trade in salt is carried on upon these roads. Garrow told us an instance which had lately occurred within his knowledge. A man who had formerly worked on the roads, but who found that the illicit salt-trade was a more gainful occupation, made a bargain at the Kings House to give six bolls of salt for a new cart, and deliver four of them at Tynedrum, and the other two at Balachulish. The value of the cart was six or seven pound, the salt had cost him 7s. 6d. per boll, and he estimated the charge of delivering it at 10s. so the bargain on his side was a good one. On the other hand the purchaser sold it again for 2£ per boll, and thus made more than an equal profit. His market for the four bolls was at Killin;

I did not learn whither the rest was conveyed from Balachulish. The Excise officers give very little interruption to this trade, because the value of a seizure is far from being an adequate compensation for the trouble and risque of making it. There is a great profit to be made by dealing in smuggled salt, and very little by seizing it. The Landlord of the Kings House took that Inn ten years ago, and had only a capital of 70£ to begin with. This year he has taken a large farm, and laid out 1500£ in stocking it.

10 miles to Inveroran, over the Black Mountain. The road crosses this height, when it might have kept the level of the stream, and avoided the whole ascent and descent. Roots of trees are visible everywhere in the peat-soil; from the manner in which they are extended horizontally, I suppose them to have been firs. The first chearful prospect was that of Loch Totty, a small lake the triangular shape of which is well laid down in the Commissioners map; there is a little cultivation on its borders, and the rising ground on the South is prettily covered with a natural grove of firs. Lord Breadalbane is building a new Inn at Inveroran, upon a poor mean scale, in a situation

where a tolerable one would be very useful; but it will be better than the present, which is a wretched hovel, having two beds, the only ones for travellers, in the only sitting room. Some paltry prints over the fireplace, of the Battle of Waterloo, where Bonaparte is fighting on horseback, sword in hand —Prince Leopold, and the poor Princess Charlotte. This is the only place we have called at, at which no milk could be obtained.

10 miles to Tynedrum, or Tyandrum— whichever way the word be spelt, it is pronounced as two syllables. The road lay along the Orchy, till that stream turned westward into Glenorchy then it ascended among mountains, of which the higher and more distant were stript to the bone, the nearer and inferior ones beginning to undergo the same process of destruction. Yet this process is sometimes impeded, and grass, I know not how, overspreads the furrows with which the steep sides are scored. The last three miles of the stage are on a descent, and unhappily they are—in Perthshire; therefore they formed a sad contrast to the fine smooth roads on which we had for three weeks been travelling: for the Perthshire roads are in a most barbarous and disgraceful state. We past

a precipice down which a chaise had fallen some few years ago, with a gentleman, his wife, and a daughter in it; the gentleman received so much hurt that he died in two or three days, the wife had her thigh broken, the daughter alone escaped; the driver broke both legs, and one horse was killed.

Tynedrum is said to stand on higher ground than any other house in G. Britain. The abominable candles here have almost blinded me. They are of home manufactory, made of the tallow of braxie sheep (this is Mitchell's explanation)—that is, of sheep who died of some disease, I know not exactly what. I fancied that the tallow had been salted, and that the unexcised salt had spoilt the unexcised candles; something however it is which concretes round the wick, and snuffing is of no use.

> Now my weary lids I close,
> Lead me, lead me to repose.

Friday, September 24. — The house at Tynedrum stands alone; at a little distance there is a wretched assemblage of hovels called Clifton. The country round is black and dreary, with high mountains on all sides; no cultivation except immediately about these

hovels; no trees: the Fillan, a melancholy stream in the bottom.

12 miles to Dalmally. The Perthshire road continues little more than one, and glad were we to leave it. These roads are in the midst of Lord Breadalbane's estates; and the punishment would not be more than he deserves for suffering them to continue in this barbarous state, if his Lordship were condemned to be driven upon them from morning till night, till they should be compleatly reformed, at his charge.

I heard to-day some curious proofs of the effect produced by reforming the military roads. The postmaster at Dalmally assured Garrow, that before they were placed under the care of the Commissioners, the regular lading of a one-horse cart was nine cubic feet of timber, and now the same carts regularly carry twenty or twenty one. And yet it is the structure only of the roads that has been improved; their direction continues the same, needlessly steep and needlessly circuitous, thereby occasioning loss of time, and a grievous waste of exertion for the horses. The blacksmith at Fort Augustus complains that in consequence of the improvement, his business in repairing carriages is lessened to

the amount of seven pound a year, and the blacksmith at Inverary computes his yearly loss at fifteen. On the other hand, a farmer who lives somewhere in Strath Speyne, says that if the road which has been talked of for that part of the country should be made, he should consider it as saving him a shilling per head upon each of his sheep, or adding that to their value, by the facility of taking them to market, or opening a way for customers.

The Fillan spreads into a small lake, or broad, in its course. About the ninth mile we descended into the valley, which the road ought always to have followed: the country then improved; the Fillan fell into the Orchy, which came from the right, and the white tower of Dalmally Kirk appeared, standing alone, amid some fine trees. The Inn in this very pretty village is far better than any between it and Inverness. The Kirk, which appears so well at a little distance, seems a strangely incongruous pile when it is examined: for the body of the building is an octagon, and the tower would not misbecome a good English Church. A great proportion of the grave stones bear the name of Campbell. It seems the custom everywhere in Scotland to engrave sculls, and other such

hideous emblems of mortality upon the tomb stones: here upon a smith's, his pincers, hammer, and bellows were sculptured. The Manse, as usual, is the best house in the place. It is always in a Scotch village what the Squire's house is in an English one.

16 to Inverary. A little beyond Dalmally we met two Highlanders, apparently gentlemen, in their full dress, with the pouch and dirk; one of them carried a gun. Three ladies were with them; they were on foot, and we should have supposed it to be a bridal party, if the females had been correspondently dressed, or more Lady-like in their appearance. Loch Awe was soon in sight, with a number of small islands, beautifully diversified with wood; the ruins of a Castle upon one. This is a very large and fine fresh water lake; it discharges itself, not far from Dalmally, thro' a fine chasm to the N.W. into Loch Etive. Three large ash trees by the road side are known by the name of the Three Sisters, from the persons who planted them—and this was all we heard. A more durable monument these sisters, whoever they were, might have left, but not a more beautiful, nor a more affecting one, under whatever circumstances they may have planted the trees which have

already so long survived them; whether in the joyousness of childhood, with no forethought and forefeeling to disturb their enjoyment—or perhaps with too much of that feeling when they were about to be separated for the first time, or for ever.

Leaving Loch Awe on the right, we crossed a high hill, and descended into the Duke of Argyll's domains. The change in the appearance of the country which began before we came to Dalmally, was greater here. There are fine trees in abundance of all the kinds which are common in Cumberland. Near the road, three miles from Inverary, is a fine fall; it was seen to disadvantage because of the dryness of the season, but it must be an impressive scene when the river is full. The man who keeps the key of the gate points out as a sight some trout in the pool at the bottom. The road goes thro' the Duke's woods and, passing under an arch, comes to the Inn, which is upon the shore of Loch Fine, looking to Inverary Castle, to the wooded heights behind it, the handsome bridge over the little river Ary (?) — this noble inlet of the sea, and the surrounding mountains.

Inverary is a small town, built by the

last Duke, who spent a long life most meritoriously in improving his extensive estates and especially this fine place. The main street, terminated by a Kirk, reminded me of those little German towns, which in like manner have been created by small Potentates, in the plenitude of their power. They are building a town-house, which is in a good style, and will be a handsome edifice: and they have built on a line with the Inn a huge prison. Both the Scotch and English have an unaccountable liking for jails-*ornées;* the former used to ornament theirs with a spire when they discarded spires from the churches. At a little distance the appearance of these large buildings upon the shore, and the whole surrounding scenery, bore no faint resemblance to a scene upon the Italian Lakes (Como more particularly) both in the character of the buildings, and the situation. The day was not favourable—a grey, Scotch, sunless sky; and the water of course grey also; but not lifeless, for there was just wind enough to keep up a sea-like murmur upon the stoney beach. The only bright part of the landscape was immediately about the Castle, where the grass under the trees was of a rich and vivid green. But

even with the disadvantage of this sombre atmosphere, Inverary still, on the whole, exceeded anything which I have seen in G. Britain.

Many fields of potatoes between this place and Tynedrum are struck by the frost.

Saturday, September 25.—The steam boat which has lately been started to ply between Glasgow and Fort William, and touch at the interjacent places, brings a great number of visitors to Inverary. As many as an hundred have sometimes landed there, to idle away more or less time, according to their means and leisure; many of them landing in the morning and returning in the evening. A revenue cutter is lying in the bay.

The herrings of this Loch are generally reputed to be the best on the Western coast; tho' every Loch claims the superiority for its own; and all the Westerns insist that the herrings on the Eastern coast are so poor that they are fit for nothing but the West India market. But I who have revelled upon herrings this season; so that this year of my life might be designated as the great Herring year—I who have eaten them with proper constancy, at breakfast, at dinner, and

at supper also, when we supt, wherever they were to be had, from Dundee to Inverary—I as a true lover and faithful eater of this incomparable fish, am bound to deliver a decided opinion in favour of the herrings of Cullen above all others whatsoever.

This fishery is an inexhaustible source of good and wholesome food, but not an inexhaustible source of commerce and wealth, as has been too often asserted by inconsiderate writers. The Dutch derived great riches from it, because they had the whole market to themselves, and were themselves a mere handfull of people. But what can be more unreasonable than to argue from this fact, that the same business can be pursued to any extent, and that as there is an infinite supply of herrings in the sea, so shall there be an infinite demand for them? Yet upon this assumption the Fishing Companies seem to proceed; and they will overstock the West Indies and the Levant with salted herrings, just as other speculators are overstocking Europe, Asia, and America with Manchester and Birmingham goods. The way to establish a great, sure and lasting branch of business in this food is to convince our labouring people, and indeed all persons who have any regard for

œconomy, that it is at once cheap, savoury, and wholesome. Sixpenny worth of advice and instruction concerning food and cookery, written in Franklin's manner, would do more good than all the Cheap[1] Repository books and Evangelical pamphletts that have ever been dispersed. I believe that in time of war it would save many lives in the army, by teaching the soldiers how to make a comfortable meal of materials, half which are now wasted, and the other half eaten in such a form that the men neither fill their stomachs, nor supply the waste of nature with it.

Inverary loses much of its beauty at low water, the beach which is then uncovered being extensive and unsightly. The Castle would be much improved by taking away the battlements, and substituting balustrades. Battlements look as if intended for defence, and are therefore inappropriate for a dwelling house, which this edifice, notwithstanding its name, appears to be, as well as is. The sort of trefoil or quatrefoil balustrade common in cathedrals would be the best finish.

[1] I am told, however, that the Cheap Repository Books contain a very good tract on food and cookery for the poor. Wherefore I ask the Cheap Repository's pardon. 1824.

We coasted the Loch till we reached its termination and for about a mile round its head, as far as Cairndow Inn on the south side, 11 miles from Inverary, a single house, small, but very comfortable. Some magazines and other books were in the room, a Prayer Book among them, and a volume of Tillotson's *Sermons*.

Leaving the Inn at Cairndow, the road leaves Loch Fine also, and almost immediately begins to ascend Glenkenlas, a long, long ascent between green mountains, sloping gradually from the stream which fills the bottom. A little way up, on the right, is a remarkable streak, or ridge, of large stones, embedded in earth, and appearing as if by some strange cause they had been forced out, like a torrent, from a large hole in the hill, just above. Half way up the road turns to the right; the mountains continue green to the very summit of the pass, and to their own summits also; and large loose crags are lying about in great numbers, and in all directions. The ascent is about four miles in length; the descent is thro' Glencroe. On the summit is a seat in the green bank, looking down Glencroe, and by it the stone bearing the beautiful inscription which all

travellers have noticed—"Rest, and be thankful." It began to rain soon after we left Cairndow, and was raining heavily when we reached the summit: otherwise I should have been on foot, and have taken my seat there, to enjoy the view fully and at leisure. Tho' upon a less scale than Glencoe, it is in some respects a more impressive scene, perhaps because it is one upon which you can dwell with pleasure. Everything there is wild, great, simple and severe; but there is nothing terrible or savage. The mountains are green; the stones are in fine masses; and the steep sides are cut into green channels by the rain, not into stoney ravines, nor sheeted with lines of screes. The road too is in itself much finer, descending from the immediate summit down a much steeper inclination; and with such volutions that a line drawn from the top would intersect it several times within a short distance. In mountainous countries a fine road is a grand and beautiful work, and never so striking as when it winds thus steeply and skilfully. There has been some improvement of the old military line at this place. As soon as the steeper part of the descent terminates, the glen widens a little, and is under such

cultivation as suits the situation. After some four miles it opens upon Loch Long, an inlet of the Firth of Clyde. The country here is well cultivated, well wooded, and very beautiful. A line of mountains is on the opposite shore, and behind them Ben Lomond arises in great majesty, Loch Lomond lying, unseen by us, between the two ridges. The road turns leftward up the shore of the salt-water Loch, and rounds the head: and not far from the head stands Arracher Inn, more beautifully placed than any Inn which I have seen either in Scotland or elsewhere—a large good house with fine trees about it, not a stone's-throw from the shore, and with the high summit of the grotesque mountain abominably called the Cobler, opposite and full in view.

About half a mile before the Inn, the Military Road ends, and with it the power of the Commissioners. We entered Dunbartonshire, and the jolting was immediately such, that with one accord we pronounced the Dunbartonshire roads to be worse than the Perthshire.

Sunday, September 26.—The comfortable accommodations at Arracher, and the beauty

of the grounds around it are now explained. It had been the seat of a Gentleman who outran his means, and was obliged to sell his estate, upon which the old Duke of Argyle, who wanted an Inn there, purchased it for that purpose. Coarse cotton sheets here—of Glasgow fashion *sans* doubt—I have learnt not to dislike them, upon this journey. Having only two stages for this day's work, we breakfasted before we set out. Little more than a mile across the hill brought us from Loch Long to Tarbert, a decent Inn with a post-office, by the side of Loch Lomond; and from thence by a very beautiful, but in great part a very bad road, we proceeded to Luss, 12 miles from Arracher. There is a part of Loch Lomond above Tarbert, about six miles long, which we did not see. The character of the Lake where we came upon it is simple and severe, Ben Lomond rising steeply, but not precipitously from the opposite shore. The right bank which we coasted, is well clothed with plantations of sufficient growth to be ornamental: indeed on this side there is no waste ground. We were evidently approaching an opulent country. The only good work which was performed while the Military Roads were

under the old system, was upon this stage: they forsook the old line, which went as usual up and down, and made about six miles along the shore. This new part is still good, but no means are taken for keeping it so; and when the new line ceased, the road became worse than any that I had ever travelled in G. Britain. The Lake widened as we advanced, expanding into a low country, where we had a wide firmament and bright weather before us, while, behind, the clouds were on the hills.

The house at Luss is a tolerable Inn, not like Arracher, which is far the best in the Highlands, but sufficiently good. From hence the peculiar character of Loch Lomond is seen; it spreads to a width of nine miles and is interspersed with islands, some so small as to be mere dots upon its surface; others of considerable extent. The magnitude of Ben Lomond became more apparent as we receded from it. Its outline bears some resemblance to Skiddaw; but the rise is rather steeper, and the summit more rounded. We soon entered upon a populous and richly cultivated country, with gentlemen's seats, and ornamented grounds on either hand. Past a large village, or small town, with many marks of

business and prosperity about it, on the left, near the river Leven, by which the Loch discharges its waters into the Firth of Clyde. A fresh-water lake is more beautiful than an inlet of the sea, because its shores are never disfigured by slime and weeds, like those of the salt-Lochs at low tide: on the other hand, where no slime is left, the populousness of the sea (as in the Linne Loch) makes ample amends for any temporary diminution of beauty.

The best view of Loch Lomond is from a hill above the seat of the Smollet family. On the right, by the village of Leven, we saw the column erected to Smollet's memory. The family did well in erecting it: it would become them to keep it in a proper state of repair. From Luss to Dunbarton 13 miles. It was a new and agreable thing to find ourselves once more among hedges and fields, villages and towns. A great number of well-dressed people passed us on their way from Kirk. Earlier in the day we saw a woman walking barefoot, and with her bare legs exposed half way up, tho' she was expensively drest, and wore a silk spenser. As we approached Dunbarton, the prominent objects were some glass-houses pouring out volumes of smoke;

and the remarkable rock upon which the Castle stands. The prints which I have seen convey a very exaggerated notion of this rock; it is picturesque and singular, but has nothing of sublimity, and little magnitude, if those words may be coupled together. The elevation is not great; there are two summits, and between the two the Ordinance, with just such a feeling of propriety as they have shown in erecting a manufactory upon the rock at Edinburgh, have built a barrack-house.

Dunbarton appears to us like a neat town. We are at the Elephant and Castle, a large and comfortable Inn. There is a portrait in the room of an enormous ox, bred and fed by T. Bates of Halton Castle, Northumberland, my enthusiastic acquaintance who gave 3000£ to the Bible Society. Who would have dreamt that he should ever have fattened a show-ox in 1808—or who would have supposed that a fat-ox-feeder would ever have run mad after the Bible Society!

Monday, September 27.—When we arose, the Sun was rising low in a red sky, ominous of rain.

Here we took leave of Mitchell, a remark-

able man, and well deserving to be remembered. Mr Telford found him a working mason, who could scarcely read or write. But his good sense, his good conduct, steadiness, and perseverance have been such, that he has been gradually raised to be Inspector of all these Highland Roads which we have visited, and all which are under the Commissioners' care, an office requiring a rare union of qualities—among others inflexible integrity, a fearless temper, and an indefatigable frame. Perhaps no man ever possessed these requisites in greater perfection than John Mitchell. Were but his figure less Tartarish, and more gaunt, he would be the very Talus of Spenser. No fear or favour in the course of fifteen years have ever made him swerve from the fair performance of his duty, tho' the Lairds with whom he has to deal have omitted no means to make him enter into their views, and do things, or leave them undone, as might suit their humour, or interest. They have attempted to cajole and to intimidate him, equally in vain. They have repeatedly preferred complaints against him in the hope of getting him removed from his office, and a more flexible person appointed in his stead; and they have not unfrequently threatened

him with personal violence. Even his life has been menaced. But Mitchell holds right on. In the midst of this most laborious life, he has laboured to improve himself with such success, that he is become a good accomptant, makes his estimates with facility, and carries on his official correspondence in a respectable and able manner. In the execution of his office he travelled last year not less than 8800 miles, and every year he travels as much. Nor has this life, and the exposure to all winds and weathers, and the temptations, either of company or of solitude at the houses in which he puts up, led him into any irregularities or intemperance: neither has his elevation in the slightest degree inflated him. He is still the same temperate, industrious, modest, unassuming man, as when his good qualities first attracted Mr Telford's notice. Inverness is his home; he is a married man, and has several fine children.

About half past seven we left Dunbarton packed in the coach for it had begun to rain. We past a rock on the left, resembling in height, and in its insulated situation, that on which the Castle is built. Several steamboats were plying on the Clyde—yesterday morning when we rose, there was one smoking

before the window at Arracher, on Loch Long. By the road side are magazines of broken stones for its repair, laid aside by the cubic yard, in walled recesses of three sides, the two ends toward the road being sloped, so that the stones may form an inclined plane. These receptacles were named by R. stone-kists, and thus they will henceforth be called. Similar ones are making on the Holyhead road; but it was near Glasgow that the practise of breaking stones to the right size and thus piling them, began. We drove to the Buck's Head in Argyle Street. Large as this house is, they had no room with a fire, when we arrived cold and hungry, at ten o'clock, on a wet morning.

The Inns in large cities are generally detestable, and this does not appear to form an exception from the common rule. But it afforded what I cannot but notice as a curiosity in its kind unique, as far as my knowledge extends. In the *Commodité*, which is certainly not more than six feet by four, there was a small stove, which as I learned from certain inscriptions in pencil on the wall, is regularly heated in the winter!

A City like Glasgow is a hateful place for a stranger, unless he is reconciled to it by

the comforts of hospitality and society. In any other case the best way is to reconnoitre it, so as to know the outline and outside, and to be contented with such other information as books can supply. Argyle Street is the finest part; it has a mixture of old and new buildings, but is long enough and lofty enough to be one of the best streets in G. Britain. The Cathedral is the only edifice of its kind in Scotland which received no external injury at the Reformation. Two places of worship have been neatly fitted up within. I observed, however, three things deserving reprobation. The window in one of these kirks had been made to imitate painted glass, by painting on the glass, and this of course had a paltry and smeary appearance. The arches in those upper passages which at Westminster we used absurdly to call the nunneries, and of which I do not know the name, are filled up with an imitation of windows: these are instances of the worst possible taste. The other fault belongs to the unclean part of the national character; for the seats are so closely packed that any person who could remain there during the time of service in warm weather, must have an invincible nose. I doubt even whether any incense could

overcome so strong and concentrated an odour of humanity.

I was much struck with the picturesque appearance of the monuments in the Church yard—such large ones as we have in our churches, being here ranged along the wall, so that even on the outside their irregular outline makes an impressive feature in the scene. They were digging a grave near the entrance of the Church; had it been in any other situation, I should not have learnt a noticeable thing. A frame consisting of iron rods was fixed in the grave, the rods being as long as the grave was deep. Within this frame the coffin was to be let down and buried, and then an iron cover fitted on to the top of the rods, and strongly locked. When there is no longer any apprehension of danger from the resurrection-men, the cover is unlocked and the frame drawn out: a month it seems is the regular term. This invention, which is not liable to the same legal objection as the iron coffins, is about two years old. The price paid for its use is a shilling per day.

Seeing some mountain-ash berries at a green-grocers, and others pickled and bottled in a little shop near, we asked at the shop

for what they were intended. To my surprize, civilly as the question was asked, the woman seemed to consider it as implying some contempt, and insisted that they were only bottled with clear spring water—"just for curiosity"—mere things to be looked at. This was so impossible, that we asked the same question at the green-grocers, and there we were informed that they were preserved with sugar, as being good for sore throats.

Apples and pears are sold in Scotland by the pound.

The University has an ancient and respectable appearance. The Lion opposite the Unicorn on the steps leading up to what I suppose to be the Library, is the most comical Lion I ever beheld; more like a Toad, sitting erect in a grave attitude, than anything else. They have hackney vis-a-vis here drawn by one horse. And here I see that herses in Scotland are ornamented with gilt death's-heads and cross-bones!

One stage to Hamilton, passing over Bothwell Bridge, famous in history, and in modern Scotch romance. The Inn stands on the hill above the town, and is in every respect very comfortable, owing much of this to its quiet situation. I never anywhere else

saw so good a dinner set forth with so little delay. We have generally had long to wait; but here, beef stakes were ready in ten minutes, and excellent cold partridge and pigeon pies were produced.

Tuesday, September 28. — Hamilton is a dirty old town, with a good many thatched houses in the street—implying either poverty, or great disregard of danger from fire. 15 miles to Lanark, thro' a beautiful country, the Clyde being generally in sight. No part of England, the Lake-Land alone excepted, is more lovely than this. And, the number of *quintas* show that the Scotch are fully sensible of its beauty: the Portugueze word occurs naturally to me, and we want a word of home-growth—*villa* is not English—*seat* has another meaning—and *gentlemens-houses* of too Dutch-like a form of composition. Among these are two modern Gothic buildings which must have been very expensive: both look well, and one of them, as far as I could distinguish its parts, appeared to have been built in the old fashion of Scotland and the Low Countries adapted to modern comfort with good taste and effect—in that fashion it had round towers at the corners, and pointed

roofs. The ground about the lower falls of the Clyde belongs to Robert Owen of Lanark; he has made a circuitous walk to them, with good intention, but somewhat unluckily for us, to whom a long walk was thus made necessary thro' a heavy shower. It is a grand scene, tho' we saw it to disadvantage, the water being very low.

After breakfast we walked to New Lanark, which is about a mile from the town. The approach to this establishment reminded me of the descent upon the baths of Monchique, more than any other scene which I could call to mind. The hills are far inferior in height, neither is there so much wood about them; but the buildings lie in such a dingle, and in like manner surprize you by their position, and their uncommon character. There is too a regular appearance, such as belongs to a conventual or eleemosynary establishment. The descent is very steep: such as is implied by saying you might throw a stone down the chimnies.

A large convent is more like a cotton-mill than it is like a college—that is to say, such convents as have been built since the glorious age of ecclesiastical architecture, and these are by far the greater number. They are like

great infirmaries, or manufactories; and these mills which are three in number, at a distance might be mistaken for convents, if in a Catholic country. There are also several streets, or rather rows of houses for the persons employed there; and other buildings connected with the establishment. These rows are cleaner than the common streets of a Scotch town, and yet not quite so clean as they ought to be. Their general appearance is what might be looked for in a Moravian settlement.

I had written to Owen from Inverary; and he expected us, he said, to stay with him a week, or at the very least three days; it was not without difficulty that we persevered in our purpose of proceeding the same evening to Douglas Mill.

He led us thro' the works with great courtesy, and made as full an exhibition as the time allowed. It is needless to say anything more of the Mills than that they are perfect in their kind, according to the present state of mechanical science, and that they appeared to be under admirable management; they are thoroughly clean, and so carefully ventilated, that there was no unpleasant smell in any of the apartments. Everything

required for the machinery is made upon the spot, and the expence of wear and tear is estimated at 8000£ annually. There are stores also from which the people are supplied with all the necessaries of life. They have a credit there to the amount of sixteen shillings a week each, but may deal elsewhere if they chuse. The expences of what he calls the moral part of the establishment, he stated at 700£ a year. But a large building is just compleated, with ball and concert and lecture rooms, all for "the formation of character"; and this must have required a considerable sum, which I should think must surely be set down to Owen's private account, rather than to the cost of the concern.

In the course of going thro' these buildings, he took us into an apartment where one of his plans, upon a scale larger than any of the Swiss models, was spread upon the floor. And with a long wand in his hand he explained the plan, while Willy and Francis stood by, with wondering and longing eyes, regarding it as a plaything, and hoping they might be allowed to amuse themselves with it. Meantime the word had been given: we were conducted into one of the dancing rooms; half a dozen fine boys, about nine or ten years old, led the

way, playing on fifes, and some 200 children, from four years of age till ten, entered the room and arranged themselves on three sides of it. A man whose official situation I did not comprehend gave the word, which either because of the tone or the dialect I did not understand; and they turned to the right or left, faced about, fell forwards and backwards, and stamped at command, performing manœuvres the object of which was not very clear, with perfect regularity. I remembered what T. Vardon had told me of the cows in Holland. When the cattle are housed, the Dutch in their spirit of cleanliness, prevent them from dirting their tails by tying them up (to the no small discomfort of the cows) at a certain elevation, to a cross string which extends the whole length of the stalls: and the consequence is that when any one cow wags her tail, all the others must wag theirs also. So I could not but think that these puppet-like motions might, with a little ingenuity, have been produced by the great water-wheel, which is the *primum mobile* of the whole Cotton-Mills. A certain number of the children were then drawn out, and sung to the pipe of a music master. They afterwards danced to the piping of the six little

pipers. There was too much of all this, but the children seemed to like it. When the exhibition was over, they filed off into the adjoining school room.

I was far better pleased with a large room in which all the children of the establishment who are old enough not to require the constant care of their mothers, and too young for instruction of any kind, were brought together while their parents were at work, and left to amuse themselves, with no more superintendence than is necessary for preventing them from hurting themselves. They made a glorious noise, worth all the concerts of New Lanark, and of London to boot. It was really delightful to see how the little creatures crowded about Owen to make their bows and their curtesies, looking up and smiling in his face; and the genuine benignity and pleasure with which he noticed them, laying his hand on the head of one, shaking hands with another, and bestowing kind looks and kind words upon all.

Owen in reality deceives himself. He is part-owner and sole Director of a large establishment, differing more in accidents than in essence from a plantation: the persons under him happen to be white, and are at

liberty by law to quit his service, but while they remain in it they are as much under his absolute management as so many negro-slaves. His humour, his vanity, his kindliness of nature (all these have their share) lead him to make these *human machines* as he calls them (and too literally believes them to be) as happy as he can, and to make a display of their happiness. And he jumps at once to the monstrous conclusion that because he can do this with 2210 persons, who are totally dependent upon him—all mankind might be governed with the same facility. *Et in Utopiâ ego.* But I never regarded man as a machine; I never believed him to be merely a material being; I never for a moment could listen to the nonsense of Helvetius, nor suppose, as Owen does, that men may be cast in a mould (like the other parts of his mill) and take the impression with perfect certainty. Nor did I ever disguise from myself the difficulties of a system which took for its foundation the principle of a community of goods. On the contrary I met them fairly, acknowledged them, and rested satisfied with the belief (whether erroneous or not) that the evils incident in such a system would be infinitely less than those which stare us in the

face under the existing order. But Owen reasons from his Cotton Mills to the whole empire. He keeps out of sight from others, and perhaps from himself, that his system, instead of aiming at perfect freedom, can only be kept in play by absolute power. Indeed, he never looks beyond one of his own ideal square villages, to the rules and proportions of which he would square the whole human race. The *formation of character!* Why the end of his institutions would be, as far as possible, the destruction of all character. They tend directly to destroy individuality of character and domesticity—in the one of which the strength of man consists, and in the other his happiness. The power of human society, and the grace, would both be annihilated.

Yet I admire the man, and like him too. And the Yahoos who are bred in our manufacturing towns, and under the administration of our Poor Laws are so much worse than the Chinese breed which he proposes to raise, that I should be glad to see his regulations adopted, as the Leeds people have proposed, for a colony of paupers. Such a variety in society would be curious; and might as well be encouraged as Quakerism and Moravianism.

Owen walked with us to the Inn: and we set off just in time to accomplish a stage of 8 miles to Douglas Mill, before night fell. The Inn was formerly the Miller's house; a new one must be built, because it is out of repair, and because the new road will be at some little distance from it. Our accommodations there were good.

Wednesday, September 29.—After breakfast 15 miles to Elvan Foot, in part thro' a country almost as dreary and quite as desolate as the Highlands, tho' not so black; the latter part green, hilly and pastoral, resembling the Eskdale country. 13 to Moffat, for the most part on a descent, with the Annan frequently near us.

> Tweed, Annan and Clyde
> All rise upon one hill's side.
> Tweed run, Annan won,
> Clyde fell and broke his neck,

—such is the broken rhyme of the country, as repeated to me by Mr Telford, himself a native of Langholme. We had gone up the Clyde, and now went down the Annan. Moffat is a pretty little town, frequented at certain seasons because of some mineral

waters in its neighbourhood. The surrounding country is monotonous and pastoral.

Thursday, September 30.—The Coach was discharged at Moffat, and we proceeded in two post-chaises, starting at seven, so that we got to Lockerby, 16 miles, to breakfast, meaning to reach Carlisle this night. 20 to Longtown. I turned aside with T. and R. to look at the foundations for an iron bridge over the Esk, upon the new road. The piers are now just above water. Here I heard a story relating to this bridge, which is worthy of remembrance. In looking for stone, the persons employed in building it discovered a fine quarry on the estate of Sir John Maxwell of Springkill. They applied to the Agent who managed his concerns, and were told that benefitted as Sir John would be by the discovery, as well as by the road and bridge, he would expect no payment for the stones which they might want. Upon this assurance they opened the quarry, at an expence of some hundred pounds. Sir John then demanded an exorbitant price for the stone; and when he was asked if something was not to be allowed them for having discovered it, he replied, no, the only wonder

was that it had not been discovered before. He makes them pay 1½d. (?) the cubic foot, for which price they might obtain stone elsewhere, but not so near: and he would have insisted upon a higher price, if they had not threatened to bring the question before a Jury, which the act authorizes them to do.

On the road we learnt that this was the last day of the races at Carlisle, and consequently that if we proceeded thither we should find no room. Of necessity therefore we stopt at Longtown, the cleanliness of the Inn there appearing to great advantage after the Inns in Scotland. There is a coloured print in the room of the Unrivalled Lincolnshire Heifer, fed by Thomas Willoughby of Orby near Burgh — the portraits of fat animals being, I observe, preferred to all other subjects of art by Inn-keepers. We were so pleased with this excellent Inn that T. could not help regretting the injury he should do it by turning the Glasgow road. But I heard afterwards that the Chief Baron lately casting his eye upon the bill after he had left the house, perceived a charge of fourpence for—reading the newspaper!

Friday, October 1.—Here we left Mr Telford, who takes the mail for Edinburgh. This parting company, after the thorough intimacy which a long journey produces between fellow travellers who like each other, is a melancholy thing. A man more heartily to be liked, more worthy to be esteemed and admired, I have never fallen in with; and therefore it is painful to think how little likely it is that I shall ever see much of him again—how certain that I shall never see *so* much. Yet I trust he will not forget his promise of one day making Keswick on his way to or from Scotland.

We breakfasted at Carlisle, and proceeded by way of Wigton to Keswick. This road was preferred, that my fellow travellers might enter the Lake Country by Bassenthwaite, which is the best approach from the North, and a very fine one. I felt the richness of our scenery in comparison with Scotland now, as much as I had perceived its poverty on my return from Switzerland. Reached home to dinner, and found all well, thus happily concluding a journey of more than six weeks, during which I have laid up a great store of pleasurable recollections.

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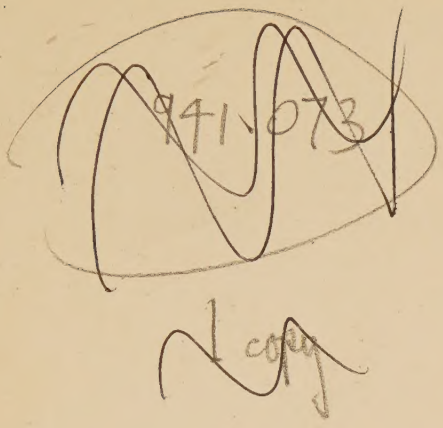

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